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THE

BATTLE OF THE MOY

OR

HOW IRELAND GAINED HER INDEPENDENCE

1892-1894

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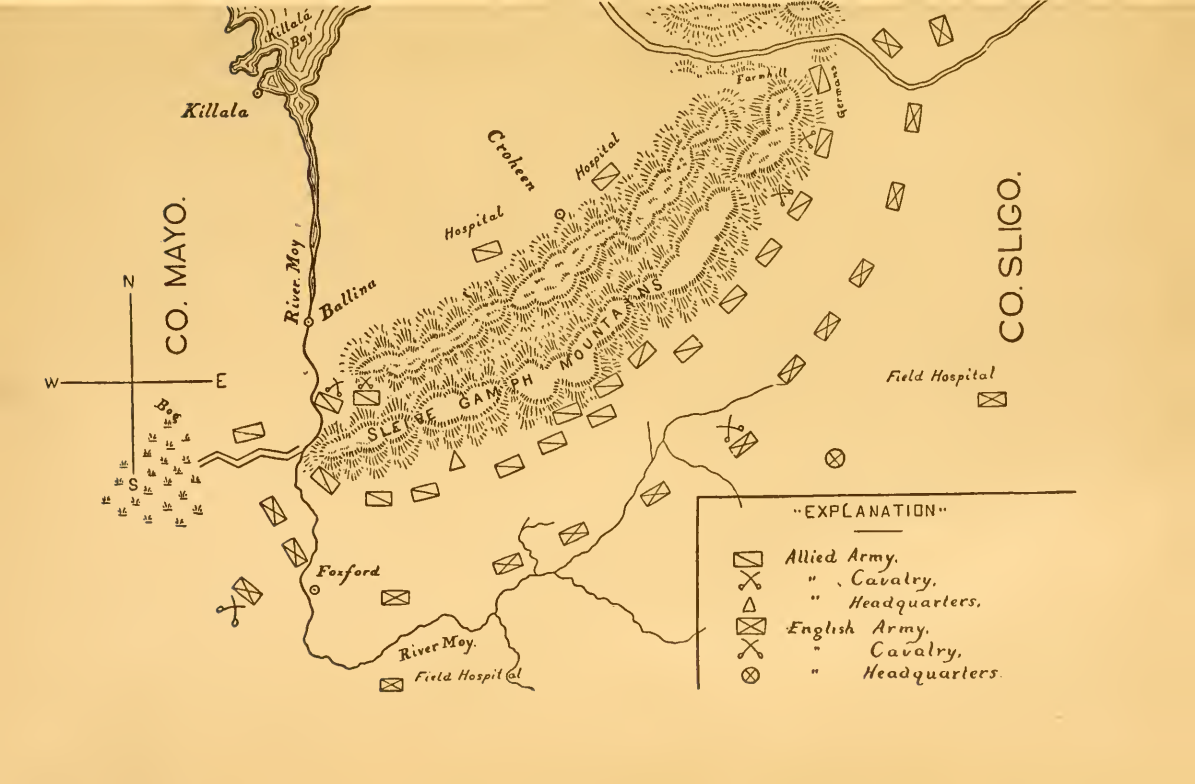
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THE

BATTLE OF THE MOY

OR

How Ireland Gained her Independence

1892-1894

BOSTON
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THE

BATTLE OF THE MOY;

OR,

How Ireland gained her Independence.

The year 1892 opened upon a gloomy prospect, — a period of impending strife and conflict in Europe. Everywhere discontent was manifest, and people grew more and more restless under the government of kings and princes. Nihilism, Socialism, and Democracy honeycombed and permeated every civilized community. The Russian government, as a last resort to escape destruction, had granted autonomy to long-suffering Poland; the Turks had retired to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, whence they came; and the Greeks, whose territory was now expanded to its ancient domain, occupied Constantinople as their original capital, Byzantium. Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Albania had been consolidated with Dalmatia as a Christian republic, called the Dalmatian League. Norway, separated from Sweden, had become a republic. The people of British North America had asked and had received autonomy, and were now the Republic of Canada. India, taking fire from the example of Christian lands, became restive, and consequently England had sent large bodies of troops thither; but Ireland still occupied her old position, not as, according to the Act of Union, a component, sovereign part of the Empire, but as a vassal dependency.

However, her prominent men now saw her opportunity, and renewed her demand for home rule with a vigor hitherto unparalleled. As might have been expected, this was again denied; consequently the highest talents of her devoted sons were called forth in advocacy of a cause which was at once both national and all-absorbing. The example of other countries — notably Canada — was cited in justification of a demand which every Irishman deemed righteous beyond dispute; but Englishmen were true to their traditions, and proved obdurate to the facts presented by reason and justice. In consequence the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament resorted to the old-time tactics of obstruction, and when these proceedings failed, as usual, they counselled their constituents to resort to the new one, *i. e.*, *non-intercourse with England.*

The Irish people, with a view to future contingencies, and under the earnest advice of their leaders, had, during a period of ten years, become wonderfully careful in their expenditures, and had saved every penny possible, investing their savings in joint copartnership societies. The Land League of America had steadily contributed funds, which, being placed at interest in Paris, had grown to substantial proportions. Now, when the hour of emergency had arrived, the wisdom of the projectors of this scheme became manifest. These co-operative societies imported breadstuffs and food supplies from the United States, and the people, with one accord, sat down, and refused to cultivate or allow to be cultivated one inch of the land. The landlords and English capitalists laughed at what they styled the puerile efforts of 1881, but they did not reflect that the efforts of 1881 were conducted under comparatively impecunious auspices, and consequently were not parallel with that set in motion now, — a preparation lasting for a decade. As soon, therefore, as the

dominant class realized, from the stern determination and apparent unconcern of the people, that they were thoroughly in earnest, a feeling bordering on panic took possession of the English people, and the state of Ireland once more became the reigning topic, and this state of alarm was intensified when it became known that army-recruiting parties in Ireland could not procure one recruit, except for some crack Irish regiment, which, owing to the innate martial spirit of the Irish people, managed to keep up its full complement; and this when all Europe seemed to be standing on the crust of a volcano.

All these conditions worked together for Ireland's good, and after a series of hot debates during a stormy session of Parliament, on the second day of April, A. D. 1892, it was voted in the British House of Commons that from the passage of the bill the Irish Parliament would once more resume its functions in Dublin, meantime continuing jointly with Great Britain to legislate on imperial matters. This vote was reluctantly ratified by the Lords, and sanctioned by King Edward, and on the fifth day of May, 1892, the Irish Parliament met in College Green, Dublin; an election having taken place on the passage of the bill, the members, therefore, were ready to take their seats. The bill was explicit in providing that Ireland should continue as an integral part of the kingdom, her legislature confining its deliberations wholly to local affairs.

Thus far everything worked well for the interests of Ireland, as far as home rule went, though as yet the success of the scheme, as considered in the light of commercial and business prosperity, was hardly perceptible, with the exception of the trade of Dublin, which, owing to the bustle attending the sittings of the local legislature, became somewhat brisk, and fashion resumed its old-time sway in the ancient capital. But such matters, while they may

have been important in 1799, were deemed of trivial consequence now: deeper and weightier considerations were involved. Ireland was not what it was nearly a century ago; her people were of a different mental mould. The bawble that might have appeased their turbulent spirits then was now scanned with lack of interest. As the world advanced in progress, so had Ireland. Education had done much to expand the Irish mind, so that, from being bigoted and simple-minded, the Irish people had grown to be intellectual and reflecting; therefore, while the past was not forgotten, the needs of the hour and of the future were of the first consequence. Home rule, at all events, was a point gained, and to English eyes the ever-recurring fever of agitation was allayed, and the spirit of discord dead beyond all fear of resurrection. But it was not so.

The national party was strong and active, and its ramifications extended throughout the island, while the branch in the United States, originally called Fenians, was more vigorous, active, and numerous than ever. The influence of the latter in America had become a power in the land, as a result of which many of their number had become members of Congress by the votes of their brethren, pledged to work with heart and soul for all measures looking to the independence of Ireland. The subscriptions to the "skirmishing fund," so called, were continued with a religious zeal and regularity; and though to the masses the destination of the money was a mystery, still the number of young men entering the military and engineering schools of France and the United States might have, in a measure, accounted for the outlay. Irish schools of technology and chemistry in the United States became quite common, so that it was fair to suppose that a corps of trained men was being prepared for some great event in Ireland in the not distant future. All this was done in

other lands, lest England should begin to suspect the inevitable truth and take measures to defeat the schemes of the Nationalists. Arms and munitions were purchased, and stored at points comparatively convenient, and all improved weapons, projectiles, etc., were eagerly sought and secured. One single thought pervaded the councils of the Nationalist leaders: Irish independence never could be gained by legislation or other constitutional means; the dread alternative of war was their only hope. But high as was the courage of the Irish people, they must be subtle in dealing with such a powerful antagonist. They had the examples before them of futile attempts at revolution in the past, — failures owing to want of plan, loose combinations, lack of competent military leaders and resources. The chief point aimed at now was to profit by these sad lessons, and to labor in a direction diametrically opposite to that taken by their unsuccessful predecessors. Unlike other countries seeking freedom through the medium of revolution, Ireland had not a single noble, a solitary illustrious name, around which to rally; therefore, to the common people was to be intrusted the deliverance of their revered mother-land.

The active leaders having once been selected, they were urged by every patriotic consideration to improve their knowledge by all possible means, and to this end were furnished with ample funds, so that the military movements of foreign armies were attended and noted, often under the guise of newspaper correspondents. A grand recruiting ground for officers presented itself among the vast number of British army pensioners, but for reasons of extreme caution this was, with trifling exceptions, ignored. The *esprit de corps* of the old service clinging to these men made them very doubtful custodians of a secret so fateful as an intended revolution; therefore, the vast

body of subordinate leaders were appointed from the ranks of the American Nationalists, — graduates of the several militia organizations of the States. Meanwhile, the members of the Irish Parliament were not acquainted with the project, for a large body of them — though in a minority — were content with the enjoyment of home rule, and, if not actually hostile, were at least disinclined to seek further advantages by force; so that the younger and more fiery members had to be held in check by their elders, lest in the heat of debate they should use language tending to arouse the suspicions of England.

Thus matters proceeded for about two years, during which time war-clouds were flitting across the horizon of Europe, and statesmen and diplomatists were exhausting all means known to their profession to avert the unslipping of the dogs of war. It fell to the part of Germany, however, to furnish the opportunity long sought for and eagerly watched by the Irish National Directory.

It was a fact well known to the intelligent observer of European politics at the time that Germany, jealous of England's maritime supremacy, had long and ardently desired a more extended seaboard, as a base for the development of plans looking toward her becoming a power on sea, corresponding to her military status. Confined as she was to the Baltic, with no outlet worthy of name except the Danish Sound, she set on foot a project for the annexation of Holland and Belgium to the Empire. The proposal was rejected by the latter states with scorn, which drew from Germany hints of possible coercion. This had no better effect than to elicit defiance. Holland knowing full well that England, while she entertained no sentimental regard for the Dutch, would never permit a strong rival to occupy the Low Countries; while Belgium relied on the ancient treaty whereby England bound her-

self to defend and maintain the Kingdom of Belgium. No statesman at Berlin could possibly have been in ignorance of these facts, therefore it is safe to assume that the project and its ulterior measures were undertaken premeditatedly in defiance of England. When a big boy wishes to thrash a small one, he does not waste much time in finding a pretext. therefore Germany easily picked a quarrel with the phlegmatic Dutch, who, as if foreseeing events, to the astonishment of all Europe, quickly cast aside their slow, boorish habits, as they would their cloaks, and appeared suddenly as an active, determined people, resolved to defend every inch of their limited territory, and every canal and dike contained therein. The Belgians also flew to arms and made common cause with their northern neighbors, so that in a short time they had quite a respectable army mobilized, with which they might have been able to withstand the Germans, had it not been for the fact that the latter had made an alliance with Austria, and so was able to bring to the field an allied army of huge proportions.

The allies attempted the passage of the Ems River, but were defeated while doing so by the Dutch; then they crossed the Rhine, and were met between that point and the Maas River by the combined Dutch and Belgian armies, the former commanded by the Crown Prince in person, and the latter by the Count of Flanders, which affair, after a bloody struggle, ended in a "draw," the Dutch and Belgians, however, maintaining their ground. England now declared war against Germany and Austria, and her fleet instantly made reprisals. Trieste was bombarded, and an attempt was made on the German Baltic ports, but the torpedo system of defence at those places offered so many obstacles to the British fleet that the time of the bluejackets was occupied in fishing for torpedo wires, and so

nothing of moment transpired. Meanwhile the Austro-German army, having been re-enforced, pushed on; and although their march was obstructed by the canals and water-ways of Holland, still they persevered till both Amsterdam and the Hague were in the utmost peril. Liege was also threatened.

Then the British government resolved to send a force to the succor of the Low Countries, and in a short time an army of 50,000 men, under Lord Spencely, landed at Antwerp, and were conveyed *via* Brussels to Liege. Here they attacked the German allies, and routed them with great slaughter, notwithstanding the superior numbers of their opponents. But although Lord Spencely and his men threw such fervor into the defence of Belgium as to make great headway against the invaders, still Holland was allowed to struggle almost singly against her gigantic foe. A prominent member of the opposition in the British Parliament called attention to this, and in a violent speech charged the administration with neglecting its duty in not succoring Holland equally as well as Belgium. To this the Ministry made a reply which did not prove satisfactory to the Commons, so that, threatened with a vote of censure and a dissolution of Parliament, they resolved to send another 50,000 men to the defence of Holland, more especially as now the Germans evinced a disposition to seize Heligoland: this latter was the excuse of the Ministry for their final decision. The second army was under command of Lieutenant-General Sir John Tempest, who was a very enterprising officer, and who, throwing his force into the position held by the Dutch, by his bold and fearless example inspired them to such a degree as to rout the enemy from before Amsterdam and the Hague, and to send them in precipitate retreat across the Rhine. The Dutch government, in recognition of his superior skill,

placed an army of 90,000 men under his command, and with the 140,000 men now at his disposal, he pursued the Austro-Germans, followed in support by the Crown Prince with 75,000 men. Coming up with the enemy near Dusseldorf, a sanguinary action took place, in which the German allies were again defeated. But Sir John did not have such "smooth sailing" always, for the enemy, being able to re-enforce their armies to almost any extent, soon cut out plenty of hard work for him.

Meanwhile, no more interested spectators of these proceedings were in Europe than the Irish and the French, the former for reasons that will follow, and the latter in witnessing the wasting of her old enemy's strength ere she turned her attention to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, lost to her in 1870.

Thus the war progressed, in the course of which the British army, while upholding its ancient high renown, lost many men; more were necessary to fill up gaps, and they were sent, till general recruiting became necessary, when, as was usual in the days of yore, the drums and fifes beat through the streets of the Irish towns and villages for the brave Hibernian lads to rally to the old colors, and fight once more amid scenes where their forefathers had followed Marlborough and Wellington; but, to the amazement of England, not a man would join, excepting, as previously observed, the few whose love of arms prompted them to enter the ranks of such regiments as the 18th Royal Irish, 27th Enniskillens, 88th Connaught Rangers, 87th Royal Irish Fusileers, etc., besides crack Irish cavalry corps.

This looked very serious indeed, to the English authorities: what could it mean? Pat had always been relied on, and with justifiable confidence, while now he appeared to be indifferent. Large bounties were offered, — £20, £30,

even £50; but Pat only laughed at the recruiting officers, and told them to go and fight their own battles: he was too peacefully inclined to risk his life! So the English cotton, iron, and mining districts had to furnish the food for German powder.

Just as Sir John Tempest was laying siege to Cologne, and Lord Spencely to Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, Hon. Francis Keenan, M. P. for Clonmel, electrified the Irish House of Commons by offering the following preambles and resolution: —

Whereas, In the providence of Almighty God all men were created equal; and,

Whereas, The people of Ireland, mindful of her past history, claim the right to resume their standing as a distinct nation; therefore,

Resolved, That we henceforth disclaim all allegiance to the king of Great Britain, and hereby declare the independence of Ireland.

A breathless pause ensued; men were seen to turn pale, and one man actually fainted; consternation seized many. But as the surprise was natural, the pause was but momentary. Then the vaulted roof of the chamber rang with cheers, loud and prolonged, amid cries of "Question!" Before the question was put, however, member after member arose and challenged the animus of the resolution. The advanced Nationalists, foreseeing that their action would meet with opposition, resolved to preserve a calm demeanor on this occasion, and therefore contented themselves with quiet but very lucid replies to all interrogations. The matter was of too weighty import to imperil its effect by angry discussion, so that the honest earnestness of the advanced party impressed the other members to such an extent as to cause the passage of the resolution by an overwhelming majority. Of course, the

horrors of civil war, the "madness of the undertaking," etc., were all startlingly depicted by the opposition members, but the calm reply followed, —

"We have thought of all this; we have maturely considered the consequences; we have weighed our chances of success, and find the balance on our side."

Urgency having been demanded for the measures embodied in the resolution, a member of the opposition (the Moderates, or those who desired to retain political connection with England) arose and inquired what necessity called for such precipitate action, what cause had England given for this rebellious resolution, and characterized it as base ingratitude now that the boon of self-government had been granted. Mr. Keenan took the floor, and in reply said: —

"*Mr. President*, We are asked what cause England has given for this 'rebellious resolution,' and our action is characterized as precipitate. Were I an alchemist I would find it difficult, by the closest analysis, to discover the *particular cause* for our action to-night among the myriad causes which she has given the people of this country throughout her long and dismal career of oppression and unjust government. But we arraign the government of England for no single wrong: on the contrary, we charge that kingdom with centuries of oppression, pitiless, brutal tyranny, such as no country, not even Poland, has borne from the hands of a dominant country. I beseech you to reflect upon the persecutions, religious, social, and political, which this long-suffering country has undergone; of the imprisonments, the hangings, the house-burnings, and ejectments of her people; of their misery and anguish through cold and hunger; of the plagues and pestilences wherewith they have been afflicted; of the terrible famines, and ultimate exile of over two million

five hundred thousand of her people; and so reflecting, when you consider that all this could have been averted by a righteous and just government, but instead was allowed to proceed, if not actually encouraged, and that while famine and pestilence carried off our people by thousands, England stood placidly by, and neither attempted to stay the plague, nor to feed the hungry by sending her countless ships to other lands for the necessary means of sustenance; and also that when this dread era of peril had passed, instead of learning a lesson from the awful calamity of famine, her land-owners turned our fertile acres into grazing lands, so that those who were left would find it impossible to longer exist in the land of their birth, thus showing clearly their intention to depopulate Ireland, — are you not satisfied that this is cause enough for our action? Who asks for more? And when we are accused of precipitation, I tell the gentlemen of the other side that they are mistaken. Our *hasty* action is one which has long been planned; the conclusion has been reached that the old proverb, 'England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity,' is a wise one, and we are determined to avail ourselves of it. That opportunity which, in tears, in woe, in oppression, we have so ardently longed for has arrived. The time has passed for petitions, feeble sentimentality, and vain efforts. A path is now marked out, from which we will not deviate, but will sternly follow it to the end. The hour has come! The bell has struck! He who would delay longer is either insane or an enemy to his country. Not an hour, not a moment, is to be lost. In the name of the Almighty, I call upon all to arise and do their duty, and may God save Ireland!"

Wild cheering greeted this energetic speech, and it is needless to say that the sitting adjourned in a tumultuous manner.

The author does not intend to report in detail the proceedings of the Irish Parliament, and so would merely state that the effect of the doings of that body caused a general stampede of English land-owners and so-called Irish nobility from Ireland, and the National Directory lost no time in sending envoys to Vienna and Berlin, empowered to form an alliance offensive and defensive against Great Britain, which proposal was eagerly accepted by those countries. There was no need of taking the customary step of formally declaring war, because the Declaration of Independence made that alternative a certainty.

At the repeal of the Union, the garrisons throughout Ireland had been reduced to mere skeletons, while that at Dublin was weakened to such an extent that, on learning of the high-handed proceedings in Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant deemed it impolitic to inflame the people by a display of military force, and consequently the troops were confined to barracks. To many at that time it appeared strange that England did not display the alacrity of former years by re-enforcing her Irish garrisons on receipt of the startling news; but whether the cause of her dilatory action was her opinion that the proceedings of the Irish Parliament were but another of the periodical seditious outbursts, or whether, owing to the industry of the Austro-Germans, she could not spare the men, it is certain that she did not send them.

The first overt act on the part of the patriots was the construction of a redoubt in Phœnix Park, which, like a similar one on Bunker Hill in 1775, forced the hand of the commander of the forces in Dublin, and accordingly the garrison attempted its capture by force; but, to the astonishment of all, the assault was repulsed, and the troops driven back by overwhelming numbers to the city, where they promptly shut themselves up in their barracks. Mar-

tial law was immediately proclaimed, and warrants issued for the arrest of the members of the Irish Parliament; but that body having suddenly dissolved, its members were not to be found.

Meanwhile, the sudden appearance of the Irish National troops created no little surprise among their Dublin compatriots, who hitherto had but a vague suspicion as to their existence. What, then, was the astonishment of those who went to the redoubt in the Park to behold a large body of men in full uniform, perfectly drilled and fully armed. Although they did not present the splendid appearance of such soldiers as the people of Dublin had long been familiar with, still they looked neat and serviceable, and any shortcomings that might have been discernible to other eyes were overlooked by the citizens, who saw in them friends and brothers, and they joyfully thanked God that at last Ireland had a *real* army of her own.

The force in the redoubt numbered about five thousand men, and was composed of detachments of all arms. The uniform of the infantry consisted of Irish frieze tunics and pantaloons, American "slouch" hats of felt with a broad green band, stout shoes or "brogues" with untanned leather gaiters (after the French style), linen haversacks, French water-canteens, black belts and ammunition pouches, while worn across their shoulders and breasts, like horse-collars, were dark gray blankets; and each man carried a repeating rifle and sword bayonet, — a very serviceable uniform and equipment for infantry. The cavalry also wore frieze uniforms, with the addition of red facings and trousers stripes, also a tuft of white feathers tipped with green on the sides of their hats; officers the same as their men. The artillery was uniformed similar to the cavalry, with the further embellishment of a badge, consist-

ing of crossed guns in brass, worn on the front of their hats. The general and staff wore grass-green uniforms with red facings, also gold-lace according to rank, with "slouch" hats and red and green upright tufts of feathers.

The people were delighted with them, and provisions and even dainties poured into the camp from all quarters, but still their sudden creation was a mystery to all. However, although the general permitted fraternization in its broadest sense, still discipline must be preserved, and at sunset each evening all civilians were ordered to leave the vicinity of the work, pickets were posted, patrols were thrown out, and everything resumed the phase of stern war.

Similar works were constructed on Dundrum Mountains and on Sugar Loaf Hill (commanding Kingstown), also at Finglass; earthworks were erected at Malahide, commanding the Dublin and Drogheda Railway; the Great Southern and Western Railway was cut at Naas, County Kildare; the Midland Great Western was cut at Maynooth, — all done to prevent troops from reaching the metropolis.

Meanwhile, matters were proceeding energetically in other directions, as a mask for which those movements served which took place around Dublin, so that, while attention was attracted toward the metropolis, the main operations escaped scrutiny.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Irish forces (of whom more anon), deeming that a great conflict was inevitable, resolved to select a rallying point, and there, if need be, fight the battle of the war, and to this end chose one so remote that, although serving as a base for supplies by sea, he could not easily be attacked from that quarter, therefore obliging the English to weary themselves by long and toilsome marches. Had he taken a position directly on the coast, no amount of secrecy could have prevented the

enemy from becoming aware of his designs, and so frustrate them by a sudden descent. Therefore, he took up his position on the Slieve Gamph Mountains in the County Sligo, along the southeasterly base (flank) of which flowed the river Moy, which, passing through the town of Ballina, empties into Killala Bay, and separates the counties of Sligo and Mayo.

The town of Killala is comparatively landlocked, being covered in front by an oblong island about two miles long by half a mile wide, distant from the mainland (County Mayo) about six hundred yards. This was considered a good place to land troops and munitions, and therefore was minutely fortified by Irish-American engineers. About six miles eastward from Killala, the river Moy empties into the bay, from the mouth of which to Ballina it is distant ten miles, and to the position on the southeast of the Slieve Mountains about ten miles more. About ten miles to the southwest of the mountains is situated the town of Foxford; all three towns are in the County Mayo, while about a dozen miles west of the mountain position is Lough Conn, a large sheet of fresh water. Killala was the seaboard base, and Ballina was the immediate support.

The advantages of this position consisted of the elevated ground afforded by the mountains, which rose in natural terraces. The right flank was covered by the river Moy, and the left flank by a small lake, and mountains which stretch northward for nearly fifty miles, and terminate at Dromard Bay, County Sligo. In front was low, boggy ground, intersected by ditches and peat-stacks, and which was dominated by the elevated position, while a few miles farther in front (southeast) the river Moy made an abrupt curve toward its source in the County Sligo, obliging an attacking party to ford it in order to advance on the mountains.

The rear, or base, being considered secure, though at the same time vigilantly guarded, a consideration of prime importance was, by what routes or means could the enemy assail the position, and also from what direction was it most likely to be menaced. Two points were selected as the enemy's probable bases of attack, — Dublin and Londonderry; the former on account of its proximity to England, the readiness with which troops could be landed there, and its great facilities for the concentration of a large army; the latter because it afforded facilities for the landing of troops from Scotland, their easy transportation to Enniskillen, and that by so doing a flank movement would be made upon the patriot army. The route for an English army advancing from Dublin would be by rail to Athlone; thence by road to Roscommon, Castlereagh, Frenchpark, Ballaghadereen, and Foxford; or by rail to Mullingar, thence by road to Longford, Strokestown, and Elphin, to Frenchpark, and so on to Foxford. The Athlone route was the *southern route*, the Mullingar route the *northern route*. From Londonderry the route would be by rail to Enniskillen; by road to Sligo, thence to Ballysadare, Collooney, and Tobercurry.

These great preparations could not very well proceed without the knowledge of the great mass of the Irish people; consequently, as the excitement increased, they were soon all in arms, a great impetus being given to the movement by an increasing influx of Irish-American Fenians, who were daily being landed from swift steamers, fully armed and equipped. Stores and all the *materiel* of war were being accumulated in prodigious quantities at Ballina, and completely equipped batteries of artillery arrived on the ground daily, from whence no one appeared to know. Regiment after regiment of frieze-coated men marched in from north, south, east, and west, as if they had sud-

denly risen from the earth, or had been called into existence by an enchanter's wand, and these were rapidly and quietly consolidated in brigades, divisions, and *corps d'armée* and marched to the positions assigned them, where they immediately pitched tents, already provided, and entered on camp-life with the *sang froid* of veterans. It was evident that a master mind was at the point of direction.*

While the work of concentration was thus proceeding at the West, a blow was struck, by way of preliminary, that made Britain reel from John o' Groat's to Land's End. By a concerted arrangement, on the same night, at precisely the same hour, by regular detachments detailed for special duty and ably commanded, the following barracks and posts were variously assaulted and carried by surprise: At Charlemont, Enniskillen, Dundalk, Newry, Armagh, Cavan, Mullingar, Castlebar, Sligo, Galway, Tullamore, Carlow, Maryborough, Birr, Tipperary, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Limerick, Killarney, Fermoy, Buttevant, Ballincollig, and Waterford. Athlone was beleaguered. Cork barracks being large and on elevated ground, on the first

* Gen. O'Hara commanded the Irish army. Patrick O'Hara was an Irish-American by birth, and received a common-school education. When the great Civil War broke out in America, in 1861, he, at the age of nineteen years, left his native village in the State of Pennsylvania and enlisted in the Union army. He served through that long and eventful war, receiving promotion for meritorious conduct, till, step by step, he rose to the rank of colonel of volunteers. At the close of hostilities he was gazetted as captain in the Regular army, and served with much distinction during many years in the Indian country. While with his regiment he was a close student, and stored his mind with all the knowledge that books could afford, engineering and gunnery included. In 1877 he resigned his commission in the United States service, and entered that of the embryo Irish Republic, immediately repairing to Paris, where he graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique, after which he was a regular attendant upon all European army manœuvres.

alarm having been fortified by razing the houses, dance-halls, concert-saloons, etc., in close proximity, guns were mounted on the walls which swept the front approaches, so that the post defied capture for the time. Londonderry also held out, as of yore. The prisoners taken at all of the above places were disarmed and turned adrift, and after the arms and other useful material had been secured, the barracks were demolished by dynamite. These duties having been carried out to the letter, the various detachments fell back toward the river Moy with all celerity. Meanwhile the famous Constabulary Police seemed to have "vanished in thin air," while recruits crowded to the West in greater numbers than the commanding general could possibly arm and utilize, and so were authorized to form guerilla bands and act as they saw fit against the common enemy, but above all things were advised to abstain from all unsoldierlike crimes and outrages.

The next startling event was the arrival and landing of 10,000 German soldiers. These arrived in Killala Bay in ten steamers, bringing with them forty pieces of artillery and all their necessary stores, ammunition, and tents. They were well received, and were escorted to the front amid great rejoicing. Immediately after the debarkation, the steamers put to sea for fear of capture by British cruisers, which they had every reason to suppose were searching for them. Their attempt to leave the Baltic was attended with great risk, they being obliged to steal through the Danish Sound and Skager Rack, while the British fleet closely blockaded the mouths of the Elbe and Weser; coasting northward by Norway, they passed to the northward of the Shetland Islands, and made for the western coast of Ireland.

These events aroused England at last, and the garrison of Dublin was immediately re-enforced to such an extent that

the commander, who had hitherto confined himself to watching the redoubt in the Park, and taking measures against a surprise, now took the field, and at daybreak on the morning following the arrival of the re-enforcements stormed the redoubt, and carried it at the point of the bayonet, the patriots retiring by way of the "Furry Glen," and falling back toward Maynooth. With this success the British appeared to have been contented, and made no further movement for about a week. But their apparent apathy was very deceptive, it was the calm before the storm. In the course of two or three days Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Borrowdale arrived, and took chief command, while troops and general officers arrived so rapidly that by the end of the week he found himself in command of 30,000 men, which he immediately embarked on the trains of the Midland Great Western Railway *en route* to the West, where, as he well knew, he would find the *rebellious nest!*

On reaching Maynooth they found the track torn up, but his men of the Army Service Corps quickly replaced the rails, and the trains proceeded first to the relief of Athlone; but before that place was reached, the garrison had capitulated, and the barracks and the bridge over the Shannon were blown up. Nevertheless the British advanced, and while on their way, 20,000 more British (mostly militia) had landed, and were despatched by trains to join Gen. Borrowdale; these were quickly followed by 10,000 more, and were forewarded in like manner. Men from Tipperary, Carlow, Kilkenny, King's County, Cavan, and Longford harassed the march of the British after they left the trains, ambushing them in every bog and glen, yet they pushed onward.

Gen. Borrowdale seemed to have been particularly selected for the duty of subduing the Irish. He was a very skilful soldier, who had seen much service, and was noted

for the rapidity of his movements, also his display of master-strokes of genius under trying circumstances. He had now a respectable army under his command, and his subordinate generals were experienced soldiers of the first order and men upon whom he could rely. His artillery force was very fine, and he expected to be still further re-enforced before many days. The British army was divided into three corps of 20,000 men each, and after numerous halts and constant skirmishing with the Irish guerillas, he at last reached the eastern bank of the Moy, almost in sight of the great Western camp. Hastily crossing this shallow stream, he continued his advance, and soon came in view of the Irish army.

The Irish, or rather Irish-German, army was in position and drawn up when Gen. Borrowdale turned his field-glass on them, and expected the attack at once, but they were disappointed, as that general evidently meant to take his time, and give his men a much-needed rest after their severe marching, he perceiving that, as the Irish had taken up so strong a position, their plan of action must be a defensive one; therefore, as the initiative lay with him, he would defer his assault until the junction of 20,000 more men which he expected from Londonderry and Belfast, thus swelling his force to a grand total of 80,000 men. His army would then consist of four corps, including 10,000 cavalry (hussars and dragoons) and two hundred guns. Its arrangement was as follows: —

First Corps — Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Russell, Commander.

1st Division — Major-Gen. Vandeleur.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Sir William Hastings.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Everard.

2d Division — Major-Gen. Duke of Stormont.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Walley.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Coburn.

3d Division — Major-Gen. Hungerford.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Brooks.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Palmer.

Second Corps — Lieut.-Gen. Cuthbert, Commander.
1st Division — Major-Gen. Fitz-John Singleton.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Taylor.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Summers.
2d Division — Major-Gen. the Earl of Harwich.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Fortescue.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Murray.
3d Division — Major-Gen. Sir Philip Conway.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Allen.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Sutcliffe.

Third Corps — Lieut.-Gen. Fulham, Commander.
1st Division — Major-Gen. Sir Percival Kingsley.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Lockwood.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Stirling.
2d Division — Major-Gen. Lowcroft.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Sampson.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Hawkins.
3d Division — Major-Gen. Sir Alfred Dickson.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Murdock.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Dalton.

Fourth Corps — Lieut.-Gen. Duke of Cheltenham, Commander.
1st Division — Major-Gen. Applegate.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Staley.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Mitford.
2d Division — Major-Gen. Lord William Howard.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Marlow.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Pennington.
3d Division — Major-Gen. Selwyn.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Lincoln.
2d Brigade — Brig -Gen. Travers.

The latter corps had not yet arrived, though momentarily expected.

The artillery was commanded by Major-Gen. Powell, with Brig.-Gens. Fawcett and Slater. The cavalry was commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Roebuck, with Major-Gen. Longwood, Brig.-Gens. Thompson, DeVere, Stackpole, and McFarland.

The Irish-German army, having now been told off to their several duties, were in position at their respective posts, and were officered and arranged as follows: —

IRISH-GERMAN ARMY.

First Corps — Lieut.-Gen. O'Brien, Commander.

1st Division — Major-Gen. Sheehan.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Hennessey.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Hurley.

2d Division — Major-Gen. Noonan.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Connolly.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Flanagan.

3d Division — Major-Gen. Tirrell.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Gorman.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Nugent.

Second Corps — Lieut.-Gen. Fitzgerald, Commander.

1st Division — Major-Gen. Fleming.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Conroy.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Glancey.

2d Division — Major-Gen. Barry.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Magee.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Roberts.

3d Division — Major-Gen. O'Reilly.
- 1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Clark.
- 2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Pendergast.

THIRD CORPS — Lieut.-Gen. Powers, Commander.

1st Div sion — Major-Gen. O'Neill.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Riordan.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Maguinness.
2d Division — Major-Gen. Sullivan.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Scanlon.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Fitzsimmons.
3d Division — Major-Gen. Gillespie.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Purcell.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Moore.

FOURTH CORPS — Lieut.-Gen. Crowley, Commander.

1st Division — Major-Gen. Lynch.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Tully.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Butler.
2d Division — Major-Gen. Collins.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Slaney.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Curtis.
3d Division — Major-Gen. Buckley.
1st Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Haley.
2d Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Sheridan.

The Germans were allowed to remain as a distinct force, and were under the chief command of Baron Meinengen, with Count Von Kolb and Gens. Gluckenburg, Strahlsome, Eckwinder, and Klein as subordinates.

The cavalry numbered about 7,000 men, commanded by Lieut.-Gen. McDonnell, who had on his staff Major-Gen. Cunningham and Brig.-Gens. Loftus and O'Connor.

The artillery, embracing about 160 guns, was under the orders of Lieut.-Gen. Delaney, a graduate of West Point Academy, United States.

The various counties of Ireland were represented in the army as follows : —

First Corps. — 1st Division — 1st Brigade, Galway; 2d Brigade, King's County. 2d Division — 1st Brigade, Leitrim; 2d Brigade, Roscommon. 3d Division — 1st Brigade, Kerry; 2d Brigade, Wexford and Kildare.

Second Corps. — 1st Division — 1st Brigade, Limerick; 2d Brigade, Limerick. 2d Division — 1st Brigade, Clare; 2d Brigade, Waterford. 3d Division — 1st Brigade, Longford; 2d Brigade, Antrim.

Third Corps. — 1st Division — 1st Brigade, Cork; 2d Brigade, Wicklow and Carlow. 2d Division — 1st Brigade, Louth, Down, Meath, and Cavan; 2d Brigade, Tipperary and Kilkenny. 3d Division — 1st Brigade, Armagh, Donegal, Tyrone, and Fermanagh; 2d Brigade, Mayo and Sligo.

Fourth Corps. — 1st Division — 1st Brigade, Westmeath and Dublin; 2d Brigade, Monaghan and Londonderry. 2d Division — 1st Brigade, Queen's County and Cork; 2d Brigade, Dublin. 3d Division — 1st Brigade, United States of America; 2d Brigade. United States of America.

As yet, the English had not moved, but were encamped on the bank of the Moy, about five miles distant.

It will be seen that, except numerically (the English, when their re-enforcements arrived, would have 80,000 men, while the Irish-Germans numbered 90,000 men), the opposing armies were pretty evenly matched. Although the allies had the advantage of numbers, they — that is, the Irish portion — did not possess that cohesivenesss and high *esprit de corps* which distinguished their opponents; as an army, they were merely amateurs, while the English had the prestige of ages, and their generals were among the most tried and skilful soldiers of Europe. The Irish had opposed to them a force of cavalry whose renown had been heralded world-wide, through volumes of story and tradition, since the days of Marlborough, and on hundreds

of occasions had torn laurels from the brows of the finest troops of Christendom The English artillery, too, was the acme of perfection, — in science, detail, weight of metal, and completeness.

However, what the allies lacked in all these qualities, they made up in courage and devotion. But to counteract the high points of excellence on the part of the English, craft and extreme caution must be resorted to. Of course, the Germans could be safely relied on for steadiness and self-possession, but the chief concern with Gen. O'Hara was to so far control the reckless impatience of his own countrymen as to prevent them, many times, from falling sacrifices to their own zeal. Thus, the young Irish cavalry — good and daring riders — were burning to measure blades with the English troopers. But such a course was not to be thought of. On the contrary, it was to be avoided, if possible, altogether. Gen. O'Hara wisely saw that such a rash proceeding would be fraught with the most fatal consequences, and therefore determined to so far depart from traditionary custom as to avoid opposing cavalry by cavalry; he resolved rather to meet charges of mounted men with a *mitraille* from both artillery and infantry, and to this end, massed his infantry in hollows, with artillery posted in double batteries on eminences sufficiently high to fire clear and over the infantry, thereby insuring free play for both arms. His cavalry he held ready to use on the enemy's infantry, whenever broken, and in charging artillery, should any advance and become entangled in momentary confusion. In all these astute arrangements Gen. O'Hara displayed that consummate skill which secured his rapid promotion in the United States service, and which was further developed by study in the French military schools.

His position was well chosen. The allied army took

post as follows: The First Corps occupied the right of the line; the Second Corps, the centre; the Third Corps, the left, with the Germans on the extreme left flank; the Fourth Corps were held in reserve in rear of the right centre. Two thousand Irish cavalry, with one battery of artillery, covered the extreme right; the other batteries were in position opposite the intervals between the corps, while the balance of the cavalry was massed behind the right, near the Fourth Corps.

Along his front stretched a comparatively level country, divested of timber growth, but intersected by drains and ditches, also a few loosely constructed stone fences; but these were deemed of secondary importance. The extreme right was covered by the river Moy, here an insignificant stream, with soft, sedgy banks, and the left rested on a slight eminence of arable ground, whereon stood a farm-house with outbuildings and a "haggard" surrounded by a low stone-wall, from which point, front and flank, the country descended in broken declivities to a little valley, along which ran a narrow country lane. In rear the country rose in natural terraces for the distance of about a mile, till a respectable eminence was reached, and in the valley on the other side was the village of Croheen, where the field-hospitals were placed, between which and the front a train of ambulances was held in readiness. Every house in the village was at the disposal of the surgeon-general. Several narrow ravines, or "foyles," in the hills were available as routes from the front to the village.

Just as Gen. O'Hara had completed his arrangements, a terrific explosion was heard to the rear, in the direction of the sea, and soon after a mounted messenger arrived, stating that the British fleet had attempted the destruction of Killala. The enemy at first essayed the landing of

a party, in boats, on the island, but the Irish coast-guard there had suddenly surrounded and captured them. Then the vessels had opened fire on the island defences, which fire was not returned, as it would have been useless to contend with guns of such enormous calibre as those with which the ironclads were armed. After firing for about twenty minutes, the squadron stood in, and attempted to force the channel between the western end of the island and the mainland, so as to reach the harbor, when Killala would have been at their mercy; but the leading vessels coming in contact with the torpedo floats, a terrific submarine explosion occurred, completely destroying the leading vessel, and laying open the side of the craft following close in her wake, so that she almost immediately sank in mid-channel. The others reversed their engines, and retired out of danger, opening a spiteful fire upon the town, which was now in flames, the shells flying clear across the island.

The headquarters' staff repaired to the highest point of their mountainous position, and by means of their field-glasses witnessed the truth of the messenger's statement, when Gen. O'Hara remarked: —

"This is very sad, gentlemen, and I am sorry that Killala has suffered so much; but it is one of the exigencies of war, and so long as the enemy confines himself to the bombardment of a little seaport, he cannot disconcert our arrangements. I trust, before long, to exact full reparation for this additional wrong."

Then he wrote a despatch, which he ordered the messenger to convey to the commandant at Killala Bay, the substance of which was that he was on no account to allow any body of the enemy to land, and that if he at any time found his force insufficient to resist such landing, to immediately acquaint him, when he would receive all necessary re-enforcement.

The distance being so great, it was evident that the English army were in ignorance of the affair.

Everything being now in readiness, and the troops calmly awaiting the attack, Gen. O'Hara issued the following address to the men, printed by the reproducing lithograph process, at headquarters, to be read at the head of each regiment in the Irish army: —

Soldiers of the Irish Republic:

At last the hour has arrived in which you are to have the honorable privilege of striking a decisive blow for the liberation of your beloved country from the clutches of the brutal tyrant who has enslaved her for centuries. Many efforts have been made in the past to emancipate her, but always in vain, principally owing to lack of consolidation and harmony, though not from want of courage. Never in the history of Ireland has there been concentrated such an army in her defence as that which you are members of. The future of your country is now in your hands. Should you succeed, Ireland at once takes her place among the sovereign nations of the earth. Should you fail, degradation worse than before awaits her. But you will not fail, for God, justice, and right are on your side. You have skilful leaders, whose plans have been well matured and carefully taken; you are well disciplined; your arms are the best that human ingenuity could contrive; you are in every ordinary sense the equal of your foe. But you must not fall into the fatal error of despising that foe. You are brave, but you must be cool, watchful, and obedient; for remember that your country's fate at this moment rests in your hands. One blow, well delivered, is worth a score ineffectually given. Now is your time! Strike that *one sure blow* for Ireland, and she is free!

(Signed) PATRICK O'HARA,
General.

James F. Kirby,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

This address was received with tremendous cheering throughout the army, and in its crisp, energetic brevity was characteristic of the man from whom it emanated.

As he rode along the lines at the head of a numerous staff of brilliantly attired officers, critically noting every detail, no one could be long in doubt as to who the Commander-in-Chief of the Irish army was. Mounted on a spirited hunter sat a middle-sized, squarely built figure, with a quiet, thoughtful face and short, gray hair. Dressed very plainly, in a gray suit, were it not for the plume in his hat and the military mustache, no one, at any other time, would suspect him of being other than a modest country gentleman. But the deference paid by his staff, and the cheers of the men as he rode along, to whom he courteously raised his hat, told the story that there passed Ireland's greatest general, the man to whom the hearts of his followers went out, and upon whose skill and judgment the awful responsibility of his country's destiny now depended.

On the morning of the sixth day of June, 1894, at half past seven o'clock, word was brought in by the advanced cavalry videttes that the English army was in motion. The sun had risen in splendor; birds sang in every leafy covert; the lark, that artist of Irish feathered songsters, sprang blithely from his grassy couch, and with joyous, thrilling notes soared aloft, greeting as he circled upward the god of day; the waters of the little river, so soon to become famous in history, glided over its pebbly bed, and all nature seemed to be happy in that peaceful repose so soon to be broken by the thunder of cannon and the shock of battle.

Throughout the Irish camp the bugles were now heard sounding, and soon the brigades were formed into squares, faced inward, to send up one last appeal to the Lord of Hosts to bless their efforts for their country, and send them victory. Taking the colors from the hands of their bearers, each chaplain, in the name of his Master, blessed

the emblems, and, returning them, pronounced a benediction on their brave defenders The men now partook of a hasty but substantial breakfast.

About eight o'clock the country to the eastward underwent a change, as a scarlet glow overspread the greensward, while glittering steel and strains of martial music announced to the Irish hosts that their foe was approaching. Closer and closer the cohorts advanced, bands playing and colors proudly flying, till finally, bursting into plain view, the billows of war rolled grandly onward. The British advanced in that old-time formation, a style upon which there seemed to be no improvement, and one which was at once beautiful and practical. In lines of contiguous columns at quarter-distance, each division separated from the other by a broad interval, the infantry advanced with bayonets fixed and arms at the slope, thus creating the impression of a wave of steel. In the intervals rumbled the artillery, while the front was covered by clouds of light cavalry, and the flanks by swarms of skirmishers. In the rear of the skirmishers rode squadrons of horsemen, while in the direct rear the main body of the cavalry was massed around the quartermaster's, the commissariat, and hospital departments. The front of the line extended for almost two miles, and the spectacle thus afforded was gorgeous in the highest degree. Halting within cannon-shot range, the two armies confronted each other.

Unlike their opponents, the Irish possessed no bands of trained musicians to inspire them to deeds of valor; they needed none. But Gen. O'Hara caused the Irish national flag to be hoisted on the headquarters' staff, and instantly each regiment unfurled its color, which was saluted with pealing bugles and rolling drums. The Irish emblem was a red, white, and green tricolor, with a white cross on a green field for the "union."

Like Wellington at Waterloo, Gen. O'Hara chose to await the onset of the English, while the latter, imitating the course of the same officer, were apparently of the same frame of mind as Gen. O'Hara. However, instead of standing still, they made a show of manœuvring, by marching and countermarching in front of the Irish, in the hope that the inexperience of the latter would prompt them to undertake some rash act that would precipitate them into one of Borrowdale's carefully prepared traps. But though the Irish viewed with deep interest the incessant change and counterchange, they felt in no way inclined to interfere with his ostentatious parade.

While these petty preliminaries were being enacted, Borrowdale had taken occasion to deploy his infantry, so that when the busy actors in front were recalled, his formation stood revealed. The English were formed in several thin lines, with wide intervals between the brigades, — apparently a very loose formation, — while the balance of the infantry was massed in columns in rear of the main line, lying down in every dip of the ground, so as to avoid the Irish artillery fire. The main body of the cavalry was dismounted, and hidden from view as far as possible.

The space intervening between the opposing armies had all the appearance of a neutral ground; no Irish skirmishers were even posted on it, and it looked very tempting for a rush of cavalry across its green and smiling surface; but its bland appearance was extremely deceitful. Suddenly a brilliant cavalcade advanced a short distance from the English centre, and prepared to reconnoitre the Irish position. It was plain, from the blue coats and white helmets, that it was the headquarters' staff. After critically surveying the Irish position for a brief period with field-glasses, they retired, and in a few moments a heavy column of infantry in black uniforms advanced to the front

on a run, and, at a bugle-call, spread out like a fan till the plain, for about one thousand yards, was covered with them, separated at twelve-pace intervals. These were supported by two columns of redcoats, who preserved their quarter-distance formation. Then a heliograph signal was given, which in turn was answered by a loud bugle-call from a mass of buglers, and the skirmishers advanced in beautiful order, rapidly firing, meanwhile running, while the supporting columns, with bayonets fixed and sloped arms, followed at allotted distances in double-quick time.

To the Irish spectators this was particularly fine, and those of them who had witnessed, in peaceful days, the pageants in Phœnix Park, were loud in approbation. But they were aroused to the business in hand when a battery of the Royal Artillery, posted on an eminence of the English line, opened fire with 50-pounder shells on the Irish front, to cover the advance of the skirmishers. Instantly the American rifled Parrott guns replied, and before one could think, the battle became general. Gun answered gun until the air seemed to be alive with the messengers of death. The English 50-pounders had a tremendous range, and carried their missiles far beyond the Irish line, into the ravines where the masses of infantry were hidden, causing a fearful mortality. These missiles, being shrapnel shells of the percussion pattern, burst with fearful accuracy, and the carnage was awful. But the Parrott guns made up for what they lacked in weight of metal by the accuracy of their fire and the rapidity with which they were served, and the peculiar scream of their conical shells was blood-curdling as they scattered death among the exposed British columns.

Meanwhile, through the dense volume of smoke thus created (a trick of Borrowdale's), the Rifles and their

supports gallantly advanced, until an aide-de-camp from Lieut.-Gen. Fitzgerald, commanding the Second Corps, announced to Gen. O'Hara that the enemy had closed with, and were almost upon, the Second Brigade of Gen. Fleming's division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Glancey. The Commander-in-Chief instantly gave Gen. Fitzgerald *carte blanche* to use his own discretion in repulsing the enemy. That general immediately directed Gen. Fleming to advance his division to meet the onset, which was done by deploying Glancey's brigade, with Conroy's brigade in support. Such a disposition was made none too soon, for the smoke, now temporarily lifting, revealed to the astonished gaze of Gen. Fitzgerald and his entire corps a British force, about 15,000 strong, close upon them. The Rifles had closed in line from their original formation, and, in conjunction with the redcoats of their brigade, were advancing in splendid order, with trailed arms, upon which their sword-bayonets were fixed, awaiting the bugle-call to charge. Close in rear were solid columns, advancing with sloped arms, while in rear of their flanks rode two regiments of hussars, ready, at the first onset, to dart around the flanks, and charge home with the sabre the Irish forces.

The Irish bugles now sounded the "Fire!" and instantly a vivid flame was projected from the repeaters of Glancey's brigade, which had taken post behind a low stone fence, about two hundred yards from the British advanced line. To this fire the British replied with one of their characteristic cheers, and dashed forward with the bayonet. The blood of the Limerick men composing Glancey's brigade was now up, and they answered the English cheer with a defiant yell, while their 26-shooters poured forth a hurricane of bullets upon the devoted Rifles and their comrades. In vain the latter attempted to storm the

fence; men fell in heaps, but, encouraged by their officers, they closed together and madly dashed forward. Fresh regiments were added to the assaulting force, only to be decimated, for Conroy's brigade, now deploying, took up the mortal refrain, and with their wild cheer, nobly assisted their brethren. Barry's Second Division now supported the First Division, and the roar of battle rose grandly on the gale.

The British could come no farther; do what they might, another step in advance could not be taken, and at last they sullenly prepared to retire. Their bugles were now sounding the recall, and, collecting their broken remnants, they commenced a retrograde movement, covered by their hussars. During this movement these gallant horsemen suffered fearfully from the constant *mitraille* of the First Division, and the incessant discharge of Parrott shells.

But this was only the beginning, though it was evidently the English commander's intention to cause the Irish to consider it to be the main attack, so that, while deluded with his manœuvring, he could execute others more important. However, it proved to be a mere ruse to gain time for other operations, for while all the energies of the Second Corps were being bent on the repulse of the first assault, the First Corps, on the right, was attacked with great violence by artillery and infantry. This corps nobly acquitted itself. Assault after assault was made upon it, which was repulsed with great slaughter, though the men suffered terribly from the destructive fire of the 50-pounder shells. The Commander-in-Chief directed this repulse in person, and by his coolness and devotion inspired all ranks with the utmost enthusiasm.

Lieut.-Gen. Fulham, commanding the British Third Corps, now endeavored to execute a turning movement on this flank, and to that end moved forward his batteries, so

as to enfilade the position held by the patriots. The fire of these guns told with fearful effect, so that Lieut.-Gen. McDonnell, commanding the Irish cavalry, begged leave to charge them, and, if unable to capture, to at least spike and render them useless. To this appeal Gen. O'Hara gave a reluctant consent, and instantly Brig.-Gen. Loftus was ordered to advance with the Limerick and Clare dragoons, and charge the guns. Major-Gen. Cunningham was ordered to support him with the Longford and Roscommon Horse. The Irish infantry now redoubled their fire, and young Loftus led forward his dragoons, who advanced down the slope in open squadron of attack, at a trot, obscured by the smoke which hung in a heavy bank between the combatants. At last the brink of the stream was reached, into which they boldly dashed, and were about to cross, when from the sedgy banks on the opposite side burst forth a terrific storm of rifle-bullets, from a strong covering force concealed among the hedges and bulrushes, thus emptying a large number of saddles. But the dragoons, inspired by the example of their chivalric leader, hesitated only a moment, soon cleared the stream, rode through the enemy's infantry, and making for the guns, which being elevated to their original aim, could not be sufficiently depressed on the instant to bear on the bold troopers before the latter were among them, sabred the gunners, who, with sword and revolver, fought desperately in defence of their pet weapons.

But the triumph was of short duration ; other men, whom they had not calculated on meeting, — "foemen worthy of their steel," — were close at hand ; in fact, other Irishmen were near, and before Loftus could concentrate his excited troopers, the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons, 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and the 8th Hussars, all Irish, were upon them with a ringing cheer, and, with the

speed of a whirlwind, tore through them with characteristic violence, then wheeling and attacking them with the utmost fury. Now ensued a combat between Trojan and Spartan, — a combat whose terrific ferocity can only be fittingly described as one between brothers. The Clare and Limerick men, and subsequently those from Longford and Roscommon, defended themselves with the utmost courage and zeal; but what could mere devotion hope to accomplish against equal zeal and courage, especially when the latter was supplemented with the highest training and the most skilful swordsmanship in Europe? The Irish National cavalry essayed their parts well, and strove to withstand the rapid and deadly cut-and-thrust of their red-coated fellow-countrymen, but, step by step, they were forced back into the river, whose banks, now trodden away, soon grew slippery with their blood, and the fair stream became ensanguined with the vital fluid that drenched the greensward.

The British cavalry trumpets now sounding, the Enniskillens, Royals, and Hussars stayed their uplifted weapons, wheeled right and left, and cleared the front of the guns, which, having been depressed, now opened at point-blank range with grape-shot, and soon choked the little stream with struggling and dying men and horses. The slaughter was terrible, the sight was appalling, and it seemed at one time as if the Irish cavalry was doomed to destruction, and such would certainly have been its fate had the British artillery continued its fire; but as the original turning movement, which had been interrupted by the charge of the Irish cavalry, remained still to be carried out, their cavalry, supported by a heavy force of infantry, essayed in their turn to cross the stream at the heels of the broken Irish horsemen. But this movement was detected by the vigilant eye of the wary Irish commander, who detached a

division of infantry and ten guns from the centre to re-enforce the right flank, which force arrived just as the English had gained the bank on the Irish side. Now came the moment of revenge

Quick as thought the guns were unlimbered and in battery, and like successive hand-claps, they belched forth grape-shot on the rash redcoats, while the infantry, deploying rapidly, delivered a deadly file-fire. In vain the Irish red-coated troopers charged up the slope; they were literally mown down and driven headlong into the stream, where the bodies of their mangled men and horses joined in mortal companionship those whom they had previously slain. The English infantry, however, with characteristic bull-dog tenacity, clung to their vantage-ground, and, lying down under cover of the bank, among the low bushes, maintained a spirited fusillade, aiming principally at the Irish gunners, causing a great loss among them; at the same time the 50-pounder battery renewed its fire, and the battle raged with fury.

Affairs were now pretty evenly balanced, and would thus have remained had not the British commander (Fulham), who was too enterprising an officer to merely waste time in exchanging shots to no advantage, resolved to push his original design, and so re-enforced his infantry with another brigade. On the arrival of these fresh troops, the recumbent redcoats arose and advanced up the hill with the bayonet, cheering lustily meanwhile. This was a critical moment for Ireland, therefore Gen. O'Hara ordered up the Third Division of the Fourth Corps, which until now had not been engaged, being held in reserve. History has asserted, and it has never been satisfactorily denied, that no charging infantry have ever crossed bayonets, — that one side or the other has invariably given way rather than thus closely encounter the

point of death; but on the present occasion all customary modes of a similar procedure were departed from, for when the Irish-Americans, with levelled bayonets, rushed down the hill, the British bull-dogs sturdily stood their ground, and both masses of men came together with a clash that resounded high above the din of battle. Oaths, screams, yells, imprecations, cheers, thrusts, and blows were mingled with the groans of dying men. The pent-up fury of centuries slaked its revenge to the full, while reciprocal hate, contempt, and bitterness opposed it. The Irish-Americans, having the advantage of charging downward with momentum, burst through the English line, and destroyed its formation. To rally was impossible, to retreat was not to be thought of, and so they were butchered.

British re-enforcements now crowded the stream, and endeavored to find room on the bank for a lodgment. Now was the all-important moment. Instantly Gen. O'Brien detached a battery to take position to the right and enfilade the stream. This order was promptly obeyed, and, as a consequence, the turning movement of Gen. Fulham was signally defeated. A desperate resistance in front, and a fierce, searching fire on their left and rear at point-blank, among dense masses of men, closely packed, were too much for human endurance; and the terrible infantry, which had braved Europe's most fearful death-harvests, broke and fled, seeking shelter on the opposite bank behind the inequalities, rocks, and hollow places.

The Irish cheers now rent the air, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that the officers could prevent their crossing the fateful stream *en masse*, and complete the destruction of the English. But while this carnival of death was at its height, matters of even greater and weightier import were transpiring far away on the extreme left.

As it subsequently proved, Gen. Borrowdale's marching, countermarching, hesitating, and his centre and left-flank attacks were merely movements to disconcert the Irish commander, and also to gain time, so as to admit of the junction of the Earl of Cheltenham's Fourth Corps of 20,000 men, which was straining every nerve to reach him by forced marches. This corps had arrived while Gen. Fulham was assailing the Irish right flank. Instantly Borrowdale developed his plan of attack.

Renewing his artillery fire on the Irish centre, as if he meant to again attack that position, and waiting until a vast volume of smoke, created by the fire of four 50-pounder batteries, swept across the plain, he massed on his right till he confronted the Irish left with about 30,000 infantry. Then, selecting 5,000 men, he ordered them *not* to load, but fix bayonets instead, and placing them under command of Major-Gen. Vandeleur, detailed them as a storming party. The remaining 25,000 men were to act as supports, and being incorporated for the time being with the First Corps, were all under the orders of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Russell.

All being ready, they moved to the front, the stormers in three sparsely formed lines, and their supports in quarter-distance column, without a bugle-call or drum-beat. As they descended the hillside, in full view of the Germans, who defended the allied left, the Teutons gazed with surprise at the audacity of the movement, but as they crossed the little road and proceeded to escalade the height crowned by the German position, the latter recovered from their surprise and opened a heavy fire of all arms upon them. Undeterred, the British deliberately climbed the height till they attained their storming distance. They halted for a moment to allow their ranks to close, and then, with a tremendous cheer, raced for the "haggard," behind

the stone-walls of which Baron Meinengen had posted his best men. The British were received with a blasting discharge, but pushed on. Meinengen instantly despatched a courier to Gen. O'Hara, saying that the decisive blow of the day was about to be struck, and that he was in danger of being overpowered; meanwhile Gens. Count Von Kolb, Gluckenberg, Strahlsome, Eckwinder, and Klein displayed great skill in the handling of their veterans. The Kempenfeldt guns were worked with precision and effectiveness but the British persevered, step by step, not as yet firing one shot. Their cool earnestness was ominous, as with stealthy, crouching bound, the stormers devoured the space between them and the doomed Germans. The determination exhibited by them at other points during this eventful day was dwarfed in comparison with the stern eagerness they here displayed, as, apparently disdaining death in all its terrors, they strode over the bodies of their rapidly falling comrades, and pressed grimly forward. One regiment, with plumed bonnets and bare legs, — later on recognized as the 92d Highlanders, — was conspicuous in the van, and manifested a desire to carry the position at the expense of their lives. Their confident daring was simply marvellous, but this was subsequently accounted for by their contempt for the Germans, whom they knew confronted them, and their wish to test a superiority once alleged to have been vaunted by a German general, — that the British military spirit had fled, and that the Germans viewed the British army as a mere cipher in warfare. It was evident that the British stormers were burning with mad vengeance.

Nearer pushed the stormers, close behind marched their massive supporting columns; but notwithstanding that each man carried two well-filled bags of cartridges (three hundred rounds), one bag on each side of his waist-belt, not a shot was fired.

At last, what with crouching, skipping, and bounding, they gained a point about one hundred yards from the farm-house wall, when a sudden flash across the slope revealed the heliograph signal from the commanding general, the bugles sounded the "advance," and, with a wild cheer from 10,000 throats, like ravening wolves they dashed at the Germans. The latter, however, stood stoutly to their work; their guns, though hot from constant and rapid firing, kept a steady discharge with "double headers" of grape, while their infantry converted the crown of the position into an enormous *chevaux de frise* with their bayonets. The English were soon upon them, and though at first staggering under the tremendous punishment administered by the resolute Germans, they quickly recovered, and, with a bound, were over the defences. The barrier once passed, the assaulting columns poured in as resistless as a tide. Dreadful bayonet work ensued, in which it was quickly demonstrated that the Germans were not the equals of the English, the latter having learned by dear experience in their previous Kaffir wars the great reliance to be placed in thrusting with cold steel. The Germans had the physical strength of their foe, but not the fire; the endurance, but not the activity. The English fought like butchers, bayoneting and braining the unfortunate Teutons with a ferocity born of devilish spite and hatred.

In vain Meinengen, Von Kolb, and the other generals cheered and rallied their men; they could not withstand such an onslaught, and a panic seizing them, they broke and fled, — anything to escape the fury of the "red demons." The latter, as soon as the Germans broke, halted, and opened a terrific fire upon the fleeing wretches, literally piling them in heaps and laying them low in windrows. Never had such an awful harvest been gathered at this

hitherto peaceful homestead as Death now garnered. A few more volleys, and the decimated Germans were utterly routed and in full flight toward the allied centre.

The English had spiked and dismounted the Kempenfeldt guns, and were preparing to take advantage of their victory by pushing after the Germans, when the Second and Third Divisions of the Irish Third Corps suddenly arrived, with twenty guns, and, without preliminary, opened fire on the English, quickly driving them beyond the confines of the farm-house. Gen. Powers, seeing this retrogressive movement, determined to take advantage of it, and directed Scanlan's brigade of the Second Division to seize the outer wall, which was promptly done by the eager Louth, Down, Meath, and Cavan boys, who opened a fierce fire on the British, now outside, manifesting no desire to withdraw, but who on the contrary took cover among the gullies and broken places, from whence they maintained a galling return fire. Pushing his guns up to the embrasured wall, Powers opened a hot artillery fire.

It now became evident that the carrying of this position was intended by Gen. Borrowdale to be his master-stroke, for, withdrawing his troops from the extreme left toward the centre, he massed his Second Corps on his First, thus doubling his assaulting forces. Gen. O'Hara, seeing this manœuvre, immediately wheeled forward his right *en echellon*, so as to substantially outflank Borrowdale; then ordering the First Division of the Third Corps to close on its main body on the left, he also directed Major-Gen. O'Reilly's (Third Division, Second Corps) to support the Third Corps, he meanwhile remaining with his Fourth (reserve) Corps at the centre, so as to be ready to repel any attack from that direction. The Germans, having by this time been rallied, were placed in the centre.

The English right having been re-enforced, their bugles once more sounded, and, under cover of a furious cannonade from sixty guns, the infantry advanced once more to the assault. Powers, having received an additional re-enforcement of two field batteries, and having deployed O'Neill's (First) division, opened a rapid and business-like fire. The thunder of the artillery on both sides, the crash of musketry, the cheers, the yells of fierce combatants, gradually grew in volume till the din began to outrival the most fiendish outburst of a pandemonium. As often as the head of the English column appeared, just as often was it swept away, as if shorn down by the scythe of Death; but, nothing daunted, they pressed on till they reached the point from whence they had assaulted the Germans. Then, with the same characteristic rush, they carried the work. But the defenders this time were not Germans; instead they were men from Cork, Wicklow, Carlow, Louth, Down, Meath, Cavan, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Armagh, Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Mayo, and Sligo, — choice representatives of the four provinces of Ireland, — who boldly stood forward like veterans, and, obeying their officers, poured in a close and deadly volley; then, with a shock that reverberated among the hills, they met the hitherto invincible English infantry with their chosen weapon, the bayonet. What the young Irish soldiers lacked in skill they now fully compensated for by their brawny strength, courage, and devotion. The feeling of hate and contempt manifested by the English toward the Germans was now in turn directed against the former by the Irish, who seized the opportunity to pay off the old scores of centuries of oppression, — the hangings, the penal laws and grievances, the evictions, the tithes, the process-serving, the cruel famines, and the depopulation of their country in consequence of all these; such thoughts

flashed through their minds, burned in their hearts, and nerved their arms to a consistency of steel as true as that with which they were now to sacrifice the minions of their hated tyrants. No need of harangues or fiery eloquence now to move them to deeds such as would appall the most vengeful furies. The hour had struck, the moment had arrived; Liberty called, and the watchword was, "For Ireland; now or never!"

Thus animated, they closed in deadly strife with the English foe, — a foe who, however unworthy his cause, was certainly worthy of their steel. The combat was dreadful, the carnage sickening. Foot to foot, steel clashed against steel, the hill fairly rocking with maddened fighting men, while the ground was drenched with the best and bravest blood of the British Isles. Since Bosworth Field, nay, since Agincourt, such a sight had not been witnessed. So far from shunning death, men actually courted it. Borrowdale, with his bull-dog pertinacity, was determined to carry the hill, O'Hara was equally determined to prevent him; so in consequence each re-enforced his flank till both had concentrated all their available forces at this point. Thus the original plan of battle was mutually abandoned, and the fate of the day became staked on the possession of the Irish left flank position. The stormers retired.

Perceiving that the Irish could not be dislodged by direct assault, Borrowdale now detached a mountain battery of 7-pounders, by way of the little valley road previously alluded to, and ordered it into position on a height beyond and dominating the Irish left flank. A regiment of infantry accompanied it as support. As soon as this battery got into position, it opened fire with shrapnel shells with telling effect on the closely packed Irish, completely enfilading the position, while the 50-pounders in front thundered with all their might. Meanwhile the stormers

lay down and rested, while the English generals watched the effect of the artillery fire.

Gen. Powers directed a 12-pounder Parrott battery to silence the mountain guns; but owing to the range of the latter and the ability of the English gunners, the Irish fire failed of its object, while the men were dropping in scores. This must be stopped, so he ordered Gen. Maguinness, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division of his corps (Wicklow and Carlow men), to capture that battery, — a very dangerous and difficult task, and in many cases in the world's military history one which has often baffled the most daring efforts of the best trained troops; but Irishmen on this day felt themselves equal to any enterprise, however dangerous. The brigade (five battalions) marched off, and for some time was not heard from, matters in the front closely chaining the attention of the Irish on Farm Hill.

After about half an hour had elapsed a sudden wildly vehement cheer was heard on the left rear, and all eyes being turned in that direction, Maguinness and his brigade were descried bounding up the slope and making for the battery, which had now ceased firing on Farm Hill, and was engaged in defending itself jointly with its covering battalion. The first line of the brigade was almost decimated, but it pressed on, and soon became hotly engaged with the stubborn English battalion, to whose assistance a strong force was now seen hurrying. Closing up his rear battalions, Maguinness made a sudden rush at the battery, and the spectators on Farm Hill had the satisfaction of seeing his men surging through the guns and waving their colors over the trophies, while the English battalion was in full retreat. The victors now turned the battery in the direction of the advancing English supports, but, fearful that Maguinness might be overpowered and isolated, Powers signalled him

to retire on his original position, which he did, bringing off the battery complete. On his arrival he and his men were loudly cheered, while the general officers congratulated him.

Borrowdale, seeing the success of his latter movement hopelessly frustrated, now massed *all* his artillery in front, and opened the most terrific cannonade of the action. The fire was simply infernal. Solid shot and shells swept the Irish position like a tornado; nothing could withstand it, and the Irish artillery could make but feeble reply to field-guns of such enormous calibre, their pieces being rapidly dismounted, and the horses momentarily slain. While the fire was raging and the billows of smoke rolling upward, the English battalions were massing at the foot of the hill, till nearly 40,000 men crowded the base of the slope and commenced to ascend, the leading files near the Irish front waiting till their supports were close up before they moved. The artillery ceased firing for a moment, as if for good; but it was only the long-drawn breath of the gladiator as, setting his teeth and clutching his weapon, he prepares to make his most deadly lunge. It was an awful moment for Ireland, — pregnant alike with hope and peril. To meet the impending assault, such a blow as had never been delivered since the days of Attila, called forth a fortitude and valor godlike in character. One instant's irresolution or hesitation on the part of the Irish, and all hope was lost. Everything indicated that Ireland's supreme opportunity was now to offer itself.

The Irish crowded forward in serried masses to resist the impending onslaught, thereby presenting a huge living target, when suddenly the 50-pounders again opened, firing in salvoes with ghastly effect. Six salvoes were thus delivered, when the roar of the cannon ceasing, their thunder was taken up by the throats of 40,000 men, who

could now be seen surging upward like a rising tide. With an earnest, determined expression on their faces, the English advanced, their square jaws closely set, nostrils expanded, and eyes gleaming. The Irish had need to be resolute now, for never did they more need that great quality. A storming column of 40,000 men was no trifle to encounter. The Irish, nearly 50,000 men at this point, opened a withering fire of all arms. Volley after volley, round after round of grape, — yet the British pushed on. Fast and furious flew the Irish bullets, at close range, into the English masses, till the dead formed a rampart in front of the living, — yet they pressed on. At last they closed up to within about one hundred yards, when the Irish bugles sounded "Cease firing!" Then the caution was given that they were about to charge, — to anticipate the intended one on the part of the English.

Gen. O'Hara was seen in close consultation with Gen. Powers and other generals. Suddenly the latter general galloped along in rear of the line, shouting, "Soldiers, now for Ireland! You are about to fire a volley and charge. Remember, wait for the command!" Then the bugles rang out the command "Fire!" The volley was delivered, smiting to the earth thousands of the foe. Then the command "Charge!" was given, and, with a shout that shook the surrounding hills, 50,000 men bounded forward with the resistless strength of an avalanche, literally crushing and driving the enemy downward, bloody and beaten, into the valley. The English strove to rally, but their numbers were so great that they impeded each other, and hopeless confusion was the result, while the shouting, exultant Irish poured volley after volley into their helpless masses.

Gen. O'Hara, seeing how matters stood, signalled his right to wheel well forward, outflank the enemy, and take them in reverse, while he placed his Fourth or reserve

corps in the centre. Then he signalled his entire army to charge, which command was responded to with levelled bayonets and resounding cheers. The British reserves dashed up, only to add to the confusion; their army was literally huddled together. Could they retreat on a new line, all might yet be well; but the Irish commander saw his advantage and pushed it: the English must not be afforded one moment of time.

So, at last, the British army, that proud, well-equipped army of the morning, broke and fled before an army of young Irish recruits, unused to warfare, but burning with zeal to free their country; the first time in history that a British army had actually turned its back! Thus it was proved that God is not always on the side of the heaviest artillery; in this case He was on the righteous side of liberty and justice.

The English 50-pounders — the value of any one of which, with its complete outfit of thirty-two horses, limber, caisson, etc., would be a fortune for a poor Irishman — fell into the hands of the victors, being too heavy to move quickly; the infantry fled in all directions, and the cavalry and staff made off in the direction of Dublin, halting every now and then to gather as many scattered battalions as possible. The Irish cavalry, with the exception of the sharp affair in the river at an early part of the day, having had comparatively little to do during the action, were now ordered to bestir themselves and collect the fugitives, besides harass the retreating enemy, while O'Hara lost no time in following the British, whom he pursued with hot haste.

In this rout the English cavalry sustained its high reputation by the manner in which it covered the retreat of such remnant of the army whose high discipline prevented its scattering like a mob; for every time the Irish cavalry

approached too close the former faced about and brilliantly charged their pursuers. In these desultory affairs the Enniskillen Dragoons, Fourth Royal Irish, Eighth Hussars, and Sixth Carbineers proved too much for their mounted fellow-countrymen, who, being amateurs, could scarcely hope to successfully measure blades with such accomplished cavaliers. However, the Irish troopers contented themselves with overhauling and capturing straggling parties of infantry and artillery, so that by nightfall fully seven tenths of the British army, including the entire camp equipage, stores, spare ammunition, guns, etc., were in the hands of the Irish. Never was such a day seen in Ireland.

The glory of this brilliant and signal victory, however, was clouded by the fearful spectacle of the day's casualties. The mortality was enormous, while the maimed and wounded on all sides harrowed the souls of those living by their piteous cries and appeals for assistance. The surgeons of both armies, under the humane auspices of the Geneva Cross, freely intermingled, and exerted themselves to the utmost in alleviating human misery. The English, being the assailants, of course lost the greater number, although the allies suffered dreadfully, principally owing to the destructive effect of the fire of the English monster field artillery.

The total English loss was: 7 general officers, 350 commissioned officers, and 12,300 rank and file killed; 11 general officers, 416 commissioned officers, and 17,600 rank and file wounded.

The allied loss was: 4 general officers, 209 commissioned officers, and 9,608 rank and file killed; 6 general officers, 311 commissioned officers, and 13,500 rank and file wounded.

It will be at once observed that the number of killed

was sadly disproportionate to those wounded, as in all previous wars; but this is to be accounted for by the fearful accuracy of the modern arms of precision, and also by the close and mortal combat of the hostile forces.

On the allied side, the Germans lost, in proportion, the greater number of men. Of their division of 10,000 men, fully 3,000 were killed and wounded! illustrating the vengeful nature of the English attack upon them; indeed, had they not received the timely succor of Gen. Powers's corps, their butchery to a man was a foregone conclusion.

Among the English generals killed were Major-Gens. Vandeleur, Hungerford, Brig.-Gens. Hastings, Walley, Palmer and Fortescue; wounded, Major-Gens. Singleton, Conway, and Lowcroft, Brig.-Gens. Brooks, Summers, Murray, Sutcliffe, Allen, Lockwood, Hawkins, and Murdock.

The loss in general officers on the allied side embraced Major-Gen. Tirrell, Brig.-Gens. Gluckenberg, Connolly, and Magee; wounded, Lieut.-Gen. Crowley, Major-Gen. O'Reilly, Brig.-Gens. Hurley, Nugent, Clark, and Purcell.

But the pursuit was maintained, so that by daybreak the remainder of the British army — about 10,000 men — who, unable to exceed the limit of human endurance, had halted and bivouacked, were caught up with and completely surrounded. In this latter result the Irish army was greatly aided by the peasantry from the surrounding country, who hearing of the calamity which befell the British, instinctively turned out *en masse*, with what weapons they could seize, swelling the victorious army to enormous proportions, while those in the vicinity of Athlone tore up the railroad tracks between that town and Dublin, so as to further cut off the retreat of their common enemy in that direction.

At dawn the Irish commander sent a flag of truce to Gen. Borrowdale, demanding his instant surrender. That

officer, though unfortunate, was a brave soldier, — one who would not desert his men in their hour of adversity, as some great commanders before his time had done; on the contrary, he stood by them to the last, and endeavored to make the best terms possible. Accordingly, in reply, he demanded the terms of capitulation. O'Hara's answer was that the only terms were unconditional surrender. Borrowdale now endeavored to parley, in the hope that by some possibility succor might arrive from Dublin, so that an opportunity might be afforded him to retrieve his loss, and reassert the honor of the British arms. Gen. O'Hara easily discerned his intention, and pointed out to him with great delicacy and feeling the hopelessness of such a course, telling him that as the entire Irish nation was now in arms, any delay on his part would be sheer madness, and would result in the sacrifice of those whom he commanded. For the sake of humanity he advised him to surrender at once, and gave him one hour to consider the proposition. Before the hour had expired, an English flag of truce approached, bearing a despatch from Gen. Borrowdale, stating that the conditions were accepted and that his army would immediately lay down its arms.

At eight o'clock A. M. on the 7th of June, 1894, the Irish army being formed in two parallel lines of columns facing each other, with the Commander-in-Chief and staff, mounted, at the western flank, the remnant of the British army, with Gen. Borrowdale and staff at its head, marched out of its bivouac, through the lane formed by the Irish troops, and halting in front of the Irish staff, at a sign from Borrowdale, his adjutant-general gave the word; the colors were saluted, then cased, and the arms were grounded; then, riding up to the Irish commander, Gen. Borrowdale tendered his sword, while his eyes were moist with restrained tears. Taking Borrowdale's sword for an

instant, O'Hara magnanimously returned it to him, and received his parole; he also bade the other generals and officers to retain their swords. The rank and file, however, were immediately marched to the rear as prisoners, while the captured arms and colors were secured. Then, detailing 5,000 men to guard the prisoners, who would be conveyed to Dublin as soon as events would warrant their removal, and also detailing 5,000 men to bury the dead, the allied army, after a short halt for refreshment, was put in motion, *en route* for the metropolis.

As the news preceded them with lightning speed, the whole country was on the *qui vive*, and as they passed along, their line of march was a continuous ovation. The little town of Ballaghadereen put on its best appearance, and joyously welcomed the victors; the people of French-park were almost crazy with joy, while Castlereagh, glowing with evergreens, bunting, and gay cloths, welcomed the conquerors in truly heroic style. Roscommon received them with open arms, the Town Council presented an address, the bells rang out a joyous welcome, and the people bestowed refreshments with a generous hand. Ancient Athlone completely outdid herself in enthusiastic demonstration, insisting on her deliverers accepting her hospitality for at least one day, which offer Gen. O'Hara felt constrained to accept, especially on the plea that a rest for his men was needed. A reception was held by the general and his officers in the Town Hall, where a ball was given in their honor in the evening, while country sports were indulged in on every open space. Bands were playing, flags were flying, the people were wild with joy, and the soldiers were *fêted* and refreshed to repletion.

Meanwhile, the railroad having been repaired, the advance guard, under command of Gen. O'Neill, proceeded

by rail to Maynooth, from whence they were to march into Dublin. At Mullingar the train passed the station, which was gayly decorated, at the imminent risk of the lives of hundreds who crowded the tracks, shouting their good wishes to the soldiers; and thus it continued all the way to Maynooth, — in fact the railroad all the way was lined with a cheering multitude. On reaching Maynooth a great reception awaited the advance guard. The streets were lined with tables on which refreshments were spread, to which they were entreated to do ample justice. The fellows and students of the University were out in full academic costume and presented them with an elegant address. *En route* once more, they proceeded toward Dublin, but it was the same story all the way; they were overwhelmed with kindness and blessings: in fact, the Irish soldiers stood in almost greater danger of destruction by the excessive hospitality of their grateful countrymen than from the enemy's bullets. It required the most strenuous efforts on the part of Gen. O'Neill and his officers, combined with a general order from the Commander-in-Chief, to keep the troops within temperate limits.

At last, the advance guard reached Phippsboro', a northern suburb of Dublin, where they were met by a deputation of the municipal corporation, who conducted them in great state through multitudes of cheering, exultant people, till they reached Eccles Street (the first street of the city proper), at the foot of which, where it is crossed by Dorset Street, they found a large triumphal arch in course of erection, on the identical spot where a similar arch had been raised in 1849, but on a different occasion, — Queen Victoria's passage through the city. How the world had moved! The mayor and council were here assembled for the purpose of surrendering the keys of the city, and were chagrined at not having the arch and other decorations

completed in time to receive the victors; but they were greatly appeased when Gen. O'Neill assured them that his force was merely the advance guard, and that the Commander-in-Chief, with the main army, were two days' march behind, so that if they worked night and day they could complete all their arrangements. At this the city authorities were delighted, and set about their pleasing duties with an alacrity that promised the most flattering results, for they were not stinted in material or skilled labor, — merchants, decorative artists, designers, tradesmen, and laborers offering their means and services gratuitously by the thousand, delighted at the opportunity of testifying at once their gratitude to their deliverers and their loyalty to their redeemed country.

In the mean time Gen. O'Neill despatched Gen. Riordan's brigade by the Park Road to take possession of the Phœnix Park, with the Viceregal and Chief Secretary's Lodges, the Royal Hospital, Magazine, Constabulary Barracks, and Hibernian School, while Gen. Maguinness's brigade was to follow by the same route, and, crossing the Liffey at Kingsbridge, surround Island Bridge and Richmond Barracks. With the Second Brigade of Gen. Gillespie's division (Gen. Moore, Mayo and Sligo men) he entered the city and marched to the Rotunda, in the gardens of which tables were spread for a banquet for his men, and in the Round Room of which a large concourse of the leading citizens had assembled to greet him.

Gen. Riordan found no difficulty as regarded his mission to the Phœnix Park. The Lord Lieutenant had vacated his luxurious quarters; the bird had flown, and the Secretary's Lodge, from whence so many cruel mandates had emanated in the past, was also minus its lordly occupant. The pensioners at the Royal Hospital, having no personal ill-treatment to fear, remained quiet. The constabulary,

at their barracks, wisely threw open their gates, were disarmed and paroled, to which change they appeared to be indifferent; while the little garrison in the Magazine, although holding a strong position, were intelligent enough to see that although it was in their power to create sad havoc among any party daring enough to storm their works, still one chance shell from the beleaguering party might blow them all into the air, situated as they were over some three hundred tons of ammunition; therefore they wisely marched out and surrendered. The authorities of the Hibernian School were merely notified, when they hauled down their flag at once, although the juvenile students, sons and grandsons of men who had fought through the Peninsula, the Sutlej, and in the Crimea, felt mortified at seeing the "old flag" hauled down without a fight, even with their own countrymen, so wonderfully devoted to tradition and comradeship are Irishmen when so brought up.

One of Riordan's batteries was unlimbered on the Conyngham Road, the guns bearing across the Liffey on Richmond Barracks, while Maguinness's brigade having passed the river, as described, drew up in front of the post. The latter general sent in a flag of truce, stating to the commander the facts already enumerated, the hopelessness of resistance, and his wish to avoid all further bloodshed. The discretion of the English officer overcame his courage, and he accordingly surrendered; when, with his subordinates, he was paroled, while his men were disarmed and placed in Kilmainham jail, occupying the quarters of Irish political prisoners, who were instantly released, much to their great joy. Aldborough Barracks also wisely surrendered to a detachment; thus the entire north side of the city, with the exception of the Royal Barracks, had capitulated.

Time was an all-important factor in the Irish cause,

consequently this stronghold must be reduced at all hazards; therefore, word being sent to Gen. O'Neill, at the Rotunda, that there was a full regiment of infantry in the Royal Barracks, besides two squadrons of cavalry, who, with gates closed, seemed to be unwilling to surrender, that officer directed Gens. Riordan and Maguinness, after securing their previous conquests, to take immediate measures for the reduction of that place. Accordingly, sending one battalion and a battery along Grangegorman Lane till the back of the barracks was reached, Gen. Riordan appeared before its front, and planting three batteries along the quay on the south side of the river, bearing on the gates and walls, — the latter of which, running parallel and forming a sort of terrace, were lined with armed men, but having no artillery in position, — he demanded instant surrender. To this demand a defiant reply was given, the regiment being the Thirty-third (known as the Duke of Wellington's own). Great multitudes were assembled, the better class of whom deplored the necessity of the impending bloodshed, while the lower classes clamored loudly for vengeance on the English tyrants.

Gen. Riordan ordered all civilians who valued their lives to get beyond the range of fire, which caused a stampede of those occupying houses in the vicinity, while housetops in safe localities and all other points of vantage for sight-seeing were densely occupied. However, the generals were humane men, though soldiers, and Riordan despatched an aide to the mayor, asking him to try his good offices, as a last hope. That officer, with the City Council, arrived shortly, and, with a flag of truce, approached the gate, and expostulated with the belligerent commander; but the latter replied that he cared nothing for the example of the commanders of other barracks. He was a soldier, faithful to his king, and would sacrifice his life in doing his duty, in

the absence of orders from his superiors to the contrary. Nothing could move him; so the messengers of mercy sorrowfully withdrew, while the Union Jack floated proudly as of yore from the flag-staff. At length all powers of persuasion having been exhausted, the command was given, and at three o'clock P. M. the batteries opened fire, — solid shot at the gates and shells at the ramparts. The enemy, having no artillery, did not reply, but crouched down behind the parapets. The firing of shotted guns in the city made a terrific din, such as the Dublin citizens had never before heard, and, as a consequence, the windows of houses within the radius of a quarter of a mile were smashed as if they had been enduring a siege. The noise was dreadful, and the pallid faces of the people showed that they did not relish a butchery in their city, much as they loved their country. A feeling of sympathy for their overmatched enemy became uppermost in their hearts, more especially when a nitro-glycerine shell gun was brought to bear on the gate, so as to quickly end the strife. This style of gun had been but recently invented, and was a noiseless spring gun similar in form and appearance to the old-fashioned howitzers, throwing by spring mechanism, after the manner of a catapult, a six-pound shell charged with nitro-glycerine, which, as the reader is aware, explodes by percussion and is enormously destructive. Each battery had one of these weapons attached, and it was intended to be used solely during siege operations or against strong barricades, but *never* in open battle, it being considered extremely inhuman to do so. As soon as the powerful little gun was placed in position and pointed, a signal was given and the projectile was discharged, followed by an awful explosion as the lower gate was shivered to atoms, bringing down a portion of the wall on either side. Gen. Riordan then ordered the Cavan regiment of Maguinness's brigade to

advance to the assault, supported by the Meath regiment; at the same time, having demolished the upper gate by means of common shells, he ordered his own Wicklow and Carlow men to assault by the upper entrance. The latter gate was not to be assaulted till the lower one was passed, for if it had been, the men would have to pass through a long sunken causeway between the two walls, exposed to a double fire; while the lower gate led directly to the barrack square, once in possession of which the wall position could be taken in reverse, the rear gates opened, the force in Grangegorman Lane admitted, and then the place must necessarily fall.

The Cavan men crossed the Liffey Bridge, but after passing the Esplanade they were saluted by a heavy and well-sustained musketry fire from the defenders. With a cheer they dashed forward, closely followed by their Meath comrades, while the wall was ablaze with a continuous discharge, the effect of which was deadly, owing to the fact of the Thirty-third taking careful aim by resting their pieces on the parapet. But, over heaps of their slain, the stormers pushed on and closed on the breach. Here they were met with showers of hand-grenades and musket bullets, still on they pushed till they were confronted with a hedge of bayonets. It was evident now that the defenders had given their whole attention to this attack, so that while they were thus intent the upper gate was quickly carried and the men of Riordan's brigade rushed up the causeway. The Cavan and Meath men pushed on for the square, while their comrades took the enemy in rear. As the former emerged on the open space, they were violently charged by the cavalry, to defend themselves against whom they were obliged to close together and present their bayonets, while the rear ranks emptied the saddles by a rapid fire; and while thus fighting the men from Grangegorman Lane

rushed in by the rear, the gates on that side having been opened by some Dublin mechanics, who, in the *mêlée*, planted ladders against an obscure portion of the wall, scaled it and unbarred the gates. The enemy, seeing themselves thus surrounded, threw down their arms. This entire affair did not last much longer than half an hour, so rapid and determined was the assault. The casualties were very great, both sides suffering nearly equally, though owing to the disproportion of force, the English lost the most men, — about three hundred falling on each side. Fortunately for the wounded, Stevens's Hospital was near at hand.

It was now 4 o'clock P. M., and all the barracks on the northern side of the city had been reduced; so Gen. O'Neill, leaving Riordan and Maguinness to secure their conquests, took Moore's brigade of Sligo and Mayo men across the river to the south side, cheered and lauded to the echo by a mighty concourse along their route. The first place visited was the Castle, which contained all the government offices, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, over the entire of which merely an ordinary subaltern's guard was mounted. The guard was quickly disarmed, the English flag in the Castle yard hauled down, and the Irish tricolor hoisted in its stead, amid exultant cheering. The Metropolitan Police being a civil force, their headquarters were not molested. Behind the Castle is a barrack capable of holding a regiment, called Ship Street Barracks; not more than three or four companies were there, owing to the large demand made to swell Borrowdale's army, and these surrended at discretion, having probably heard of the effect of Riordan's guns.

From there the march was resumed to Portobello Barricks, — a cavalry and artillery depot. Not many soldiers were there, and it was taken possession of and garrisoned

by Irish soldiers. Beggarsbush Barracks was the next place visited, but the garrison there — about five hundred men — had evacuated it and marched to the Pigeon House Fort, a stronghold erected on a causeway about one and one half miles from the city, running seaward, and intended for the defence of the harbor. It was a strong work of rather antique construction, mounting heavy guns and mortars, and, being approachable at high water solely by the narrow causeway, could not be molested with impunity, as its guns enfiladed the road for its entire length. At low water it could be approached from the south side, over the sands, but only by infantry, for field artillery could not be moved with confidence across the treacherous sands, and even then such an operation must necessarily occur between tides, otherwise the rising waters would prove more disastrous to an assaulting force than the missiles of the fort's defenders. In short, such a place could not be attacked with any hope of success except by means of the most modern of known methods of warfare. Consequently Gen. O'Neill contented himself with leaving a battalion to occupy Ringsend, — the city end of the causeway, — while at Beggarsbush, in near proximity, another battalion was posted, with orders to assist the Ringsend force whenever necessary. Thus every point of the Dublin garrison was in possession of the Irish National troops.

Two days afterwards, about noon, the leading column of the main army was descried approaching the suburbs, and everything being in readiness, the whole city turned out to greet the liberators of the country. From the sidewalks to the coping stones of the houses, on either side of the streets along the route, from the Eccles Street gate to the Castle, was one glory of bunting of every hue, while from each eminence the Irish tricolor floated proudly. At the Eccles Street gate the mayor and council, in full regalia,

surrendered the keys of the city to the Commander-in-Chief, in a glowing speech, to which the old soldier fittingly replied, after which the entire army, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, passed under the triumphal arch, resplendent in green and gold, and poured through the streets, *en route* to the Castle.

The line of march was a continuous ovation, and bouquets and garlands were showered upon the heroes, the Irish-Americans and Germans meeting with most flattering recognition. Arch after arch was passed, until they debouched upon Sackville Street, where the brilliant effect of the fête was doubly enhanced by the splendor of the display exhibited on this magnificent boulevard. This street, owing to its enormous width, admitted of the easy passage of the regiments in open column, into which formation they were wheeled. On arriving at Carlisle Bridge, the commanding general defiled the First Corps across the river into Westmoreland Street, while the other three corps wheeled to the right and traversed the quays, on their way to the Phœnix Park, where the Quartermaster-General would assign them to quarters, some to the various barracks and others under canvas on the "fifteen acres."

The First Corps passed up Westmoreland Street, wheeled into College Green, and halted when that portion of the column embracing the Commander-in-Chief and staff arrived in front of the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament House. This institution Gen. O'Hara entered and took possession of in the name of the Irish Republic, the directors of the bank receiving assurances that they need not fear for the safety of the funds in their charge; and as a proof of the Irish government's interest in the bank's welfare, a strong guard was mounted in place of the customary redcoats. The Castle having previously been taken possession of, it only remained for Gen. O'Hara to enter

the throne-room of that regal edifice, and formally proclaim that henceforth the Castle of Dublin was to be the centre of the Irish republican government. These ceremonies having been performed, the First Corps rejoined the main army in the Park, the broad expanse of which was now white with tents ; for although the barrack accommodations of the city were extensive, still more than two thirds of the army were placed under canvas.

The money and securities of the bank having been removed to the Custom House, which edifice had always been vastly too large for the amount of business done, in two days the first Irish Congress assembled in the ancient Parliament House, and after passing resolutions eulogistic of the National army and its able commander, ratified the Declaration of Independence, and voted a large appropriation for the maintenance of an increased army, — three hundred thousand more volunteers being called for,— which, owing to the enthusiasm of the people, were at once forthcoming. Defence fortifications for the city were at once commenced at Donnybrook, Ball's Bridge, Roundtown, Crumlin, Harbor Hill, Inchicore, Broom Bridge, Finglass, Drumcondra, Richmond, and Dollymount, while an extensive chain of redoubts were carried from the Liffey across the western extremity of Phœnix Park to Phippsboro' and Glasnevin. At Dalkey and Killiney Hill strong earthworks were thrown up, dominating Kingstown Harbor, which works were mounted with heavy guns, while redoubts commanding the Dublin and Drogheda Railway were constructed at Malahide and Raheney ; also, on the Curragh of Kildare, commanding the Great Southern and Western. These works being completed, the Commander-in-Chief, concentrating a sufficient amount of rolling stock, departed with the Fourth Corps for Cork, to reduce that stronghold.

In the mean time, Pigeon House Fort being isolated, the

crowded garrison there becoming straitened for provisions, made several midnight forays across the sands at low water, to the villages of Blackrock, Merrion, and Irishtown. In these they were only partially successful, those who had time securing their provisions, while others would not accommodate the English at any price; consequently whatever scant supplies were obtained had to be taken by force. As soon as the garrisons at Ringsend and Beggarsbush became aware of these nocturnal raids, they took such measures as resulted disastrously to the foragers, many of whom lost their lives. At last, unsuccored by England, who had now so much on her hands as to be unable to give further attention to matters in Ireland, the garrison of Pigeon House Fort formally capitulated in twelve days after the arrival of the Irish army, and the place was at once garrisoned by the force at Ringsend and a battery of artillery. While the English held the fort they could not be very well attacked or dislodged by land forces, and in their turn they were unable to harm any one unless directly assaulted, when in such case the nature of their position would admit of a most vigorous defence. But one foe they could not repel, and that foe was famine. The garrison had never been provisioned for a siege, and when reenforced by the fugitives from Beggarsbush their existence became so very precarious that the gaunt spectre was not long in manifesting his presence.

On the arrival of Gen. O'Hara in Cork, he was joined by an immense body of volunteers, who assured him that there were not above three thousand men in that garrison, so he at once sent a peremptory summons to the commander to surrender, but received a defiant answer. Watching his opportunity that night, with his men he crept up the hill, while the Cork volunteers went round by the harbor road. It was nearly daybreak before he got his men

into a position almost investing the barracks. Then placing a nitro-glycerine shell gun in the road which led down to the city, at about three hundred yards from the main gate, the shell was discharged and the gate was blown to atoms with a tremendous report. The men of the Fourth Corps immediately advanced, and were received with a murderous file-fire, while a field battery, bearing obliquely on both sides of the gate approach, swept that point with a destructive blast of grape As the native Irish and Irish-Americans of the Fourth Corps, animated by patriotic emulation, advanced over the bodies of their rapidly falling comrades in the teeth of this fearful storm of death, the English riflemen and artillery, firing with a precision and rapidity that were truly appalling, they suddenly heard, high above the murderous din, a wild cheer, coming from the rear of the barracks, followed by a close and continued rattle of musketry. Becoming aware that their volunteer friends were engaged, the men of the Fourth Corps made a desperate effort to push forward, but were mown down by hundreds. While concentrating for a supreme rush, the yells in rear of the enemy in their front burst forth with redoubled volume, accompanied by heavy volley firing, which latter was easily attributable to the English regulars, and which momentarily drew nearer and nearer toward the front. The Second Division, having now scaled the walls on either side of the gate, opened a rapid fire toward the main square, while the stormers, with a resounding cheer, dashed for the guns. The garrison, now seeing all their defences carried, — in front and rear, — threw down their arms, and thus fell, after a brief and fierce struggle, the largest barracks and finest military depot in all Ireland. It appears that the Cork volunteers, thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the locality, had stolen around in rear of the barracks to a point between

the hospital and tennis court, where they scaled the walls, surprised the enemy, and practically took them in reverse. The British power in Munster was now broken at a blow; as for the petty garrisons at Spike Island, Camden, and Carlisle Forts, they were of no consequence and would succumb in time.

The First Division, commanded by Gen. Lynch, was now sent to reduce Youghal and Kinsale. The first was taken by Tully's brigade, and the second by Butler's brigade, with trifling loss, their garrisons disarmed and marched to Cork, where, with the prisoners of the latter garrison, they were placed in camp under guard. The various Munster posts were immediately garrisoned by volunteer militia, thus leaving the Fourth Corps free for further active operations. These results were telegraphed to the government in Dublin as soon as accomplished.

The garrison of Londonderry having been withdrawn by Gen. Borrowdale to re-enforce his army, there was no need of further operations at that place except to occupy the posts there with volunteer militia, of which there was no stint; but great care was taken to strengthen the defensive works at the entrance of both Lough Foyle and the river Foyle. All that remained to be done now was to reduce the garrison of Belfast. For this duty the Second Division of the Second Corps (Fitzgerald's), under command of Major-Gen. Barry, was detailed. In this enterprise the Dublin and Drogheda Railway was ordered to co-operate, and the latter corporation afforded such ample transportation that the division suddenly appeared in Belfast, the people of which city receiving the patriots with open arms. No time was lost, for Fitzgerald's forces immediately marched to the barracks in Queen Street, the gates of which were found closed, with every indication of a stubborn resistance. But Fitzgerald, having im-

pressed a large number of tall ladders belonging to the fire brigade, and having taken possession of the houses on the opposite side of Queen Street, occupied the roofs, which commanded the barrack walls, with riflemen, he gave the command, and as soon as the latter had opened a steady fire on the garrison, who briskly returned it, he ordered an escalade, when Roberts's "Dublin City Volunteers" and the Longford regiment poured across the defences, but were driven back by a determined bayonet charge, while a hot fire was opened from the numerous windows of the barrack buildings. However, the Dublin men contrived to open the main gate, when the Kildare and Kilkenny regiments of the same brigade poured through, followed by the artillery. Galloping around to the parade ground, the latter quickly unlimbered and opened fire on the barrack buildings and officers' mess, while the infantry deploying, and subsequently extending in skirmishing order, commenced a fierce combat with the occupants of the barrack windows, who poured forth a most destructive fire, under which large numbers of the assailants fell. At last one of the barrack buildings took fire from a shell, and a general conflagration was threatened, so that the English commander, balancing between a holocaust and a surrender, chose the latter, and on displaying a white flag, firing ceased. The garrison now marched out and laid down their arms, when the victors, aided by the fire brigade, to whom a telegraph alarm had been sent, promptly extinguished the flames.

In this affair the Irish had 178 killed and 450 wounded, while the garrison, who were not so much exposed, had 60 killed and 129 wounded. A burying party was detailed, trenches dug in the foot-ball field, and before night the dead heroes — friend and foe — received Christian burial. The wounded were promptly cared for by both civil and military surgeons.

Never had Belfast seen such a day. Horror was depicted on every pale countenance. But as the reality of the momentous result dawned on their intelligent minds, a reaction occurred, which manifested itself in enthusiastic demonstrations, followed by a general illumination. They realized that the fact was accomplished,— that Ireland was free; that she was to take her place among the *nations* of the earth. In consequence, hospitality knew no bounds among those warm-hearted Northerners, and generals, officers, and soldiers were almost "killed with kindness." So it was in a greater or less degree in Cork, Limerick, and elsewhere. But Dublin, as the capital, undertook to eclipse all previous efforts. For a week there was continued feasting; business stood still, and every night the city was a blaze of gas, electric and colored lights, bonfires blazed, and fire-works of every conceivable design glittered and exploded in a hundred places. The theatres produced their most brilliant spectacles, and dramas, operas, and tableaux suitable to the time were nightly presented.

Meanwhile Congress was not idle. A proclamation was drawn up by the Secretary of State, signed by President Carey, approved by both houses, and placarded as follows: —

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

Whereas, The representatives of the Irish people, in Parliament assembled, at Dublin, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1894, did declare the union of Ireland with the Kingdom of Great Britain null and void;

And whereas, The Declaration of Independence of Ireland was formally announced at that time; therefore be it

Resolved, That said Declaration of Independence is hereby ratified.

Given at Dublin Castle, this thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1894.

FRANCIS CAREY, *President.*

JOHN C. O'GRADY, *Secretary of State.*

This was supplemented by another proclamation, as follows: —

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

Whereas, The Congress of the Irish Republic, having ratified the Declaration of Independence of Ireland, as relating to the dissolution of all political union with Great Britain;

Now therefore I, Francis Carey, President of the Irish Republic, proclaim and make known to all whom it may concern: —

First. All honorary and aristocratic titles emanating from the late government are from this day annulled.

Second. All lands held by alien families are from this date sequestrated to the state.

Third. All citizens are called upon to give their allegiance alone to the Irish Republic.

Fourth. All creeds shall be respected and will be protected in their full religious liberties by the laws and powers of the Irish Republic.

Fifth. Industrial interests of every kind are hereby invited to return to their several avocations, to the end that law and order shall resume its course for the welfare of all.

Given at Dublin Castle, this first day of August, in the year of our Lord 1894, and unto which I have put my hand and affixed the great seal of the Irish Republic.

FRANCIS CAREY, *President.*

JOHN C. O'GRADY, *Secretary of State.*

The effect of these proclamations was startling to land-owners, but very gratifying to the populace. The aliens, or English land-owners, who had remained in the hope that the Irish were not in earnest, or that at least England would soon reassert her power and crush the "rebellion," seeing that the foundations of their hopes subsisted on very thin air, now lost no time in taking such a hint to vacate — a sort of "eviction" with which they were totally unacquainted, — and an exodus of this class ensued. But the

land-owners of Irish birth and lineage, with no English affiliations, immediately repaired to the Castle, and proving their titles to lands held, registered the same, for which they received new warranty deeds. But such of the latter as bore titles were disappointed in being shorn of them, and submitted with the best grace they might to the more simple and practical style of "citizen."

The great wonder was that England made no attempt to retrieve her lost possession of Ireland; but, as it was before remarked, Ireland had seized her opportunity and had used it to advantage. England found that, single-handed, she had all she could do in Germany, and was in no condition to send another army to Ireland; indeed she stood in great fear lest Ireland should despatch an army for her invasion (which by the terms of her German alliance she was likely to do), elated as the Irish were with their victories, and with the entire fighting force of a conspicuously martial race "armed and eager for the fray." England now saw her mistake. So eager was she to assert her empty honor, and secure more "bubble reputation" in Continental conflict, that she entirely lost sight of the fact that that *sovereign* and component part of the Empire called Ireland — that bullied, trampled, scorned, starved, abused, doubly-wronged country, though a hitherto and always expected to be prolific recruiting ground, ready to express its gratitude to its kind master by fighting his battles, and as soon as its services were no longer required, cast aside like a pair of old shoes — retained a remnant of its old spirit and strong arm, and could now fight as effectively *against* her, as in times past it had fought *for* her. Blind with pride, stultified through gross prejudice and folly, she had been for centuries pursuing a mad course that at last led to the inevitable. She was in a dilemma; but her "honor" forbade her retreating before

Germany, and Ireland was lost to her. Look at the case from whatever standpoint, her statesmen had to confess that they had made a mistake; Ireland did not contain a single English soldier under arms; but on the contrary almost a million patriots under a skilful commander, ready for any emergency! Therefore, after many *pour parleurs* and the exchange of much diplomatic correspondence, wherein dark hints of a possible invasion of England by the Irish army was conveyed to the English Cabinet, that government, finally but reluctantly, submitted to the inevitable and acknowledged the independence of Ireland.

All prisoners of war held in Ireland were quickly transferred to England; but no property — nothing that fell to the possession of the victors — was surrendered.

Great were the rejoicings in Ireland; cannon boomed, bonfires blazed, and the land rang with acclamations, while to add to the pleasure of the occasion congratulations poured in from all quarters, notably from France and the United States, both of which nations notified the Irish government that ambassadors, duly accredited, would soon be despatched to Dublin. The United States, Ireland's firm friend at all times, now literally overwhelmed her *protégé* with kindness. The exchanges of the great American cities offered funds to any amount on Irish securities, and her credit ranked with the highest on the New York Exchange; in Paris, on the Bourse, Irish bonds were eagerly sought; in short each republican government manifested its sympathy, satisfaction, and good-will in every way in its power

Law courts were now established; judges and magistrates appointed; and in fact the entire machinery of government, patterned after that of the United States, was put in motion, running as smoothly as if in operation for a hundred years. Agrarian crimes ceased, the law was

respected, and religious bickerings and distinctions became obsolete and unworthy of a single thought. An era of prosperity dawned; all industries resumed their functions; railroad lines quadrupled in extent; villages grew into towns and towns into cities; manufactories of various kinds were rapidly built and placed in working order; mines were opened, and astonished their operators by their yield of the precious metals; and the numerous seaports, bays, rivers, and inlets were crowded with peaceful fleets, engaged in busy commerce.

The agricultural population — land-owners themselves according to their means — no longer intimidated by brutal agents and cruel landlords, tilled the ground to the best advantage, no longer relying on the solitary product of potatoes, but planting a succession of everything congenial to the soil, under the ægis of a protecting government, which encouraged each and every worthy enterprise of improvement; and soon the wilderness began to bloom. Wan, pale children became sturdy, bright-eyed, and rosy under the influence of an abundance of the necessaries of life; the peasant, no longer a poor, pale, dejected scarecrow, now comfortably clad, whistled gleefully as, with his team of well-conditioned horses, he ploughed his native hillside; his wife, no longer gaunt, sorrowful, and barefooted, now milked her *own* cows, made her own butter and cheese, tended her lambs and calves, and fed her feathered broods; in brief, that hitherto vacant stare of hopeless desolation and despair vanished before the magic wand and bright smile of the goddess of Liberty.

No more the spectacle of continuous droves of horned cattle and other animals streamed toward the seaports, to be transported to England as food for her people, while the Irish peasants who reared them languished and starved for the want of even the refuse of the necessaries

of life. No more need of importing from England or from abroad, through her custom-houses, food supplies, clothing, machinery, or even the luxuries of life; the Irish had their own steamships now,— the shipyards of Belfast and Cork, which had built steamships for English merchants in the past, could build equally as well now for Irish merchants, and the iron to construct them and the coal to run them were mined from a hitherto unworked and inexhaustible supply in their own land; therefore, what Ireland found necessary abroad she procured at first hand, thus bringing everything needful within the means of her own people, resulting, as might be expected, in the increased comfort and steadily increasing wealth of the nation at large.

The machinery of government, as previously remarked, was cast after the model of that of the United States: the Judiciary, War, State, Navy, Treasury, and Interior Departments were all placed in running order. The Light-House Board, being embraced within the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, that important branch was strictly attended to; indeed never, even during hostilities, was a single light allowed to be extinguished except during the proper hours, although all harbors and rivers available for steam navigation were obstructed by torpedoes, which latter, however, were now removed. Consequently trade and commerce increased and multiplied, and those people who had encouraged the idea that the Irish as a nation were incapable of self-government now realized that they had been strangely mistaken.

At this time the steamers of the Irish mail and freight lines running between Cork, Limerick, Galway, Londonderry and the United States took out *no* passengers, but brought back many, — principally old emigrants who had left Ireland during the dark days years before, and

who had despaired of ever again beholding their native land, many of them having since acquired rank and wealth in the land of refuge and their adoption. They now returned with hearts faithful and true to their first and earliest love. With what joy they hailed the sight of her venerated shores! With what light of love their eyes sparkled at the spectacle of the national tricolor waving over their own land of living green, free from the iron heel of the oppressor and the hated presence of the foreign tyrant.

No more landlords, no more agents, with their blighting and withering trains of tithes, distrains, and evictions; no more "poor laws"; but every man cultivating his own lot, improved it to the best of his ability where, how, and when he pleased; the nation grew and prospered, and each man sat down "under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to make him afraid."

Everything being now placed on a solid foundation, all departments working smoothly, education shedding her beneficent influence over every village and hamlet, trade and manufacture, art and science flourishing, the land smiling with plenty and contentment, Ireland's mercantile fleets ploughing the waters of every clime, her ambassadors representing her in every court of Christendom, what wonder that, in the second year of her independence, gazing upon the spectacle of the "beautiful isle of the sea," tried by fire and regenerated, all the progressive nations of the earth should welcome with outstretched arms their new sister to her rightful place among them!

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